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THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Friday, November 18, 1977

הכרזת מלכות



Cover: Sadat and the Knesset
by graphic artist Alex Berlyan.

In this issue

	Page		Page		Page
Amr Safadi ranges over the subject of President Anwar Sadat's projected visit to Israel.	1	Hudayrah But-Idah pays a visit to the ruins of Herodion.	10	Mendel Kohansky goes to the theatre twice in "Vienna week."	18
Finance Minister Simha Ehrlich talks to David Krivine about the New Economic Policy.	6	Paul Kohn sees the replica Model T Ford assembled by a Herzliya pastry baker.	11	The Art Page. Gil Goldfine sees Heral Emmanuel's figurative bronzes and other Tel Aviv exhibitions. Ephraim Harris writes about some Haifa shows.	16
Israel Katz tells Susan Bellon about some of his plans as minister of labour and social affairs.	7	The Book Section reviews include: a biography of Hollywood producer Billy Wilder; a translation of verse by the Swedish poet, Par Lagerkvist; a study of Israel's religious political parties; a new book on Jerusalem by a noted geographer and scholar; a survey of the rise of Turkish nationalism; new novels by John Hersey and Margaret Drabble.	12	Helga Dudman considers the Israeli courtship scene and loneliness.	17
Ephraim Kishon helps to hang out the washing.	8			Martha Meisels devours some health food. Haim Shapiro makes a dessert mainly for show.	18
Lesley Hazleton examines the narrow path trodden by Gaiel Zahal between his military and his broadcasting responsibilities.	9			The weekend Dry Bones.	19

עוֹלָם קוֹמִי ALYAH & ABSORPTION INFORMATION COLUMN קוֹמִי

Successful absorption is a key to increased aliyah. The Ministry of Immigrant Absorption and the Jewish Agency are presenting this column as part of a series of articles designed to provide olim with information in various fields: practical advice, reports on changes in regulations, employment and housing opportunities, and stories of olim now absorbed. It is obvious that the column will not be aimed at the same reader each time.

The column is written by a staff of freelance writers, most of them olim. The views they hold are their own.

We are hoping that enough interest in this effort will be generated to encourage reader response, which will allow us to tailor the content to demand. It is not our intention to receive and reply to specific complaints of olim, but we will select problems encountered as subjects for future articles.

The Hebrew Press in Israel

(Courtesy of the Jewish Agency — WZO Press Service)

An Israeli spending for an argument, just has to work around with the masthead of his favorite newspaper clearly visible, and chances are he'll soon find someone to tell him why his politics are hopelessly out of line.

If you are a newcomer to Israel and you find yourself at a newsstand in one of the country's largest cities, you can be faced with a very tough decision — which daily to buy.

This can present a bit of a problem because there are no fewer than eleven of them in Hebrew. Since there isn't a "gutter press" in Israel, it's a pretty safe bet that any one of them will give a good summary of local and international events without too much bombast.

The next question you must ask yourself, assuming of course that you do want to make the effort of reading Hebrew, is which viewpoint you would like to see by the time you get to the editorial section. On the other hand, you might want to discover what the opposition has up its sleeve, so you'll have to know just where you don't stand in order to make a choice here.

Then there is always the easy way out. You have thirteen more daily papers, in Arabic, French, English and several other tongues. If none of these is not native to you, then perhaps it might be as best most familiar than Hebrew.

Assuming though that you do persevere and make your Hebrew choice, you will discover a depth and a variety of coverage that for the most part, completely overshadows the foreign language efforts. Take the two mass dailies, *Yediot Ahranot* and *Maariv*, both late morning or afternoon products. *Maariv* actually grew out of *Yediot* when its founder left the parent organ back in 1948. His move was a stroke of financial genius since *Maariv* now enjoys the largest circulation of any other paper in Israel, with *Yediot* running a close second.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

- 1) Conditions of Employment for Computer Programmers
- 2) The Center for Absorption in Science
- 3) Olim and Nahal: The above publications are available free of charge from the Department of Information for Olim, P.O. Box 616, Jerusalem, or at the Ministry of Immigrant Absorption's branch office nearest your place of residence. Abroad, contact the aliyah center nearest you.

Veteran Israeli journalists attribute the huge circulation of both papers to their independent political stances. All of the circulation figures are taken from "Editor and Publisher Yearbook" for 1976.

That certainly is a factor for the nearly 170,000 daily copies of each that are snatched up. But the reasons for their appeal are much more complicated.

Yediot is a "tabloid," an easy to hold and easy to read format. The style of Hebrew it displays is more in tune with the speech of the average Israeli than are the styles of most other papers. Even newcomers can soon master its language after a short time in the country, or after a good Hebrew course.

Maariv on the other hand, uses a slightly more complicated style, and has a more traditional broadsheet format. Graphically, they are both advanced, and even "splashed" by traditionally staid Israeli standards. They also hit the streets at a time of day when a lot of business and shopping is in full swing.

Party-Oriented Papers

A country founded on socialist labor tenets quite understandably has to have a newspaper to express that viewpoint. Actually there are two. The Labor Union's (Histadrut) *Davar* addresses itself primarily to its own membership in town and country and will print many news stories about labor. The Mapam-owned *Al Hamishmar* is concerned also with labor matters, but tends to address itself more to the Hasidic Hatzair Kibbutzim, where every family receives it day by day. *Al Hamishmar* will naturally arrange its news contents to reflect its leftist approach.

The religious parties also have their papers. *Hatzofeh* tends to voice the opinions of the National Religious Party, while *Ha'modia* and *Shearim* are papers connected to Agudat Yisrael and Poalei Agudat Yisrael respectively. Graphically, the religious and the labor publications are far from exciting. They are also printed on broadsheets and have circulations from 5,000 to 35,000 daily, with a slight increase for their Friday editions.

The importance of *Haaretz*, the most literary and without a doubt, the most prestigious of Israeli dailies, doesn't have a particularly large circulation, but its importance on the Hebrew press scene is hard to over-estimate. Originally called *Hadashot*, the paper was started in British Mandate times by Eliezer Ben-Yehuda and his son. Since Ben-Yehuda is popularly acknowledged

as the tower of Hebrew as a spoken and written language, the paper has been more or less bound to follow a tradition of linguistic excellence. As a non-Party paper, it claims to have distinguished itself over the years for its objective and high standard of political observation, not to mention its literary section. The columns of *Haaretz* have helped launch a few famous writing careers over the years. *Haaretz* too has its critics both because of its political stands and for its revelations on the seedy side of Israeli life (for example, a recent series on the Police).

Rounding out the free press is an economic daily called *Yom Yom*, with a very limited circulation, a sports paper that boasts of a high number of readers — *Hadashot Hasport*; and *Omer*, a popular vizzelized daily in easier Hebrew for new immigrants, put out under the auspices of *Davar*. Most of the papers have enlarged editions on Friday for "weekend reading," including magazine sections, literary pages, etc. The papers have their own cartoonists, many of whom compare favorably to their counter-

parts abroad in terms of standard and popularity.

How Do They Survive

Throughout all these papers, there is a basic undercurrent of Israeli ideology — a tone of Zionism in its various streams. They operate freely, with censorship restricted to matters touching upon national security, but the basic promise of being able to say whatever one wants in a responsible way, holds.

The survival of so many organs is a mystery to many newcomers and visitors. Circulation figures are certainly not large by western standards, although the Friday press runs of up to 290,000 each for *Yediot* and *Maariv* are noteworthy. Perhaps the best explanation can be found by simply realizing that the free press in Israel is as diversified as the country's polyglot population.

As if this baffling daily barrage were not enough, remember that there are 300 Hebrew magazines, and an additional 150 periodicals in at least a dozen languages for the voracious reading public to ponder.

(B.K.)

CHANGES IN MORTGAGE REGULATIONS

- 1) The repayment period on special olim mortgages is now 12 years.
- 2) Maximum price ceilings (in order to receive a mortgage) of apartments have been raised throughout the country and have been eliminated in development towns.
- 3) Mortgage amounts for olim families have been raised in Jerusalem. In other parts of the country mortgage amounts have been raised for single olim and categories other than olim families. (Amounts vary according to category and the area of residence).
- 4) Mortgage repayment terms in development towns are easier than in other parts of the country.
- 5) Eligible olim who have properly completed the necessary paper work for an olim mortgage can now receive a Ministry of Absorption referral to a mortgage bank within one week. It will then take 6 to 8 weeks for the bank to grant the mortgage.
- 6) Olim must pay 12% Value Added Tax for the purchase of new apartments. No V.A.T. is charged for 2nd hand apartments. (V.A.T. is included in the price ceilings of apartments).

The Ministry of Immigrant Absorption is preparing a detailed information bulletin which will be ready shortly. Notices will appear in this column when the bulletin will be ready. For further information contact the case worker nearest your place of residence.

- 2) This list of development towns with regard to housing privileges is as follows: Category "A" represents high priority development towns; Category "B" has a lesser priority. Incentives for those moving to Development Towns "A" are greater than those who move to category "B":

Category A:

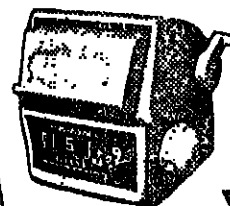
Ellat, Beit She'an, Hazer, Yehudim, Metula, Menahem, Ma'alot, Mitzpeh Ramon, Kiryat Shmona, Shomoni.

Category B:

Nazereth Illit, Neijvot, Acre, Afula, Arad, Sefed, Kiryat Malachi, Kiryat Arba, Kiryat Gat, Shderot, Ofakim, Beit Shemesh, Dimona, Tiberias, Yavne, Yokne'am, Carmiel, Yamit, Yavneel, Migdal, Migdal Hasek.

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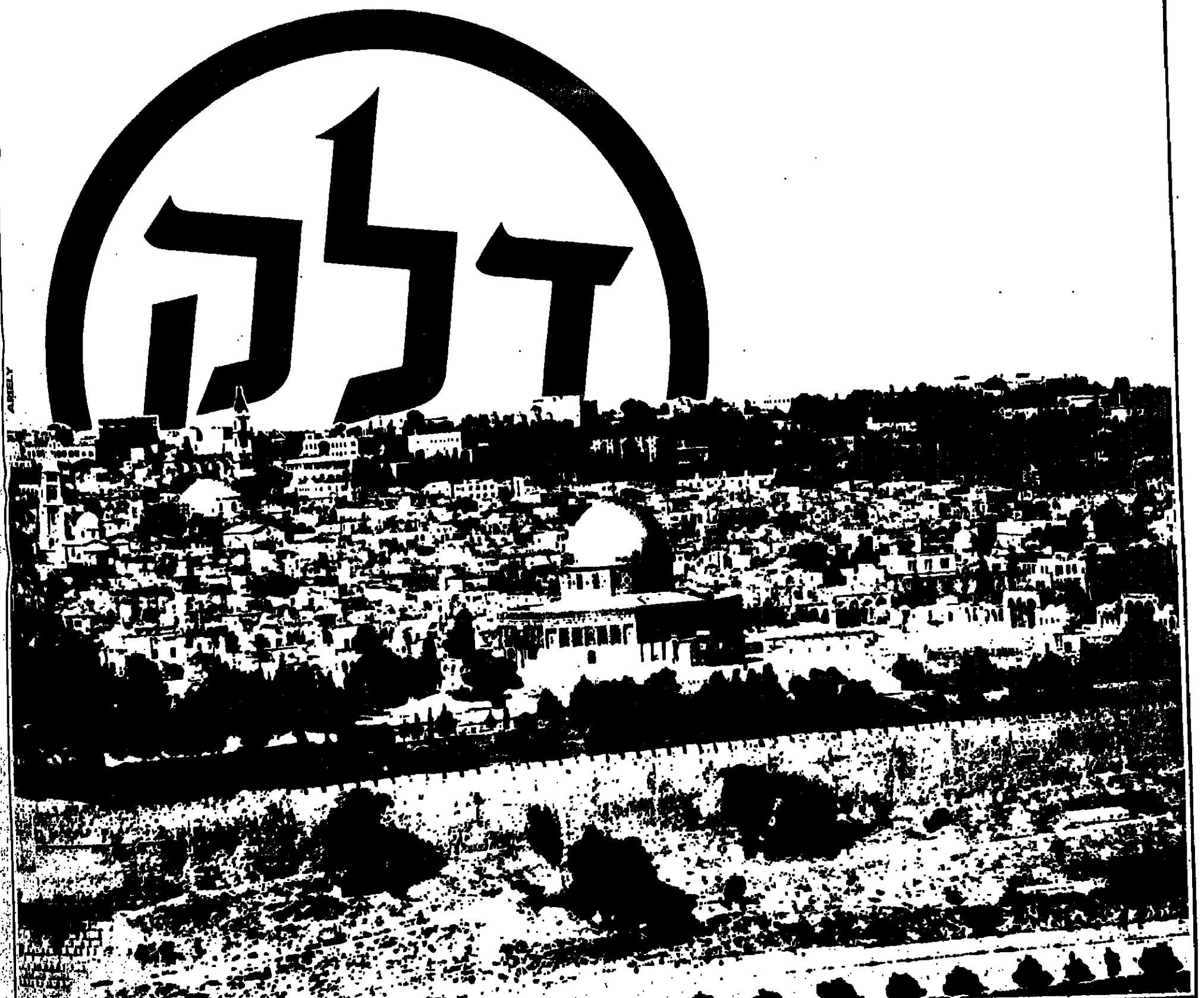


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EGYPTIAN PRESIDENT Anwar Sadat stands to go down in history as the man who twice caught Israel by surprise. An unexpected surprise he launched the Yom Kippur War on the afternoon of October 6, 1973. Sadat last week declared to the Egyptian Parliament — and to the world — that he was prepared to go to Jerusalem and talk peace with the Knesset.

Actually, Sadat's move this time came as more of a surprise than did his Yom Kippur attack. Israel had some advance notice of the war; it had none at all of Anwar Sadat's latest manoeuvre.

When he set out to war against Israel four years ago, Sadat said the conflict might cost a million Egyptian lives. Last week, he said he would go to the Knesset rather than have even one of his soldiers "not even killed, but wounded."

"The Israelis are going to be stunned on hearing this," Sadat told the Egyptian Parliament. "I am ready to meet them in their home. I am prepared to go to the Knesset."

He was right. The Israelis were stunned, not only by his statement, but by the fact that Egyptian deputies greeted it with applause rather than catcalls. And when Prime Minister Menachem Begin followed up on Sadat's electrifying statement, first by appealing directly to the Egyptian people to follow their president's lead and put an end to the conflict with Israel, and later by issuing a formal invitation to the Egyptian leader, both statements were welcomed publicly by Cairo.

THE IMPOSSIBLE seemed closer and closer to reality as the days passed. It all happened so quickly, within the space of less than a week. And suddenly, it all became possible, perhaps even unavoidable — Egyptian and Israeli flags flying side by side over Jerusalem, 21 guns firing, not in anger, but in salute to a visiting Egyptian head of state.

The personalities of the two main actors in the continuing drama may have had more than a little to do with the rapid development of prospects for the visit. Both the Israeli Prime Minister and the Egyptian President have more than a little of the showman, as well as the statesman, in their makeup, a fact evidenced most clearly by their parallel interviews with American TV newswoman Walter Cronkite on Monday night.

Once he comes, Sadat will be the first leader of an Arab state to visit Israel in its 30 years of existence as a sovereign state. His summit will be the first open one between an Arab and a Jewish leader in more than half a century — since January 8, 1919, when the Emir Faisal, later to become king of Iraq, met with Dr. Chaim Weizmann, who subsequently was Israel's first president.

Unprecedented as it may be, the move does not — yet — represent a breakthrough in the Arab-Israeli conflict. But it is certainly a major move in the direction of peace, particularly since it comes at a time when prospects for the renewal of the Geneva Middle East peace conference before the end of the year appeared dim indeed.

MUCH OF the credit for the move must go to Sadat. Many have called his bold attempt to seek the shortest route to negotiations the inspired stroke of a master politician. But we must not forget Begin's role in the episode: he was swift to recognize the possibilities of Sadat's initiative, and responded to it immediately and positively.



SADAT'S SECOND SURPRISE

Egyptian President Anwar Sadat yesterday made it clear that he was determined to go ahead with his plans to visit Jerusalem. His trip has set off a dramatic chain of events. The developments can be compared to a chess game, writes Post Middle East Affairs Editor ANAN SAFADI, who wonders whether Sadat is preparing another unexpected move.



ly rather than dismissing it out of hand.

In writing, the Prime Minister extended an official invitation to the Egyptian President, pledging to give him the "honour and glory" due to the leader of the largest of Israel's neighbours. He also summoned the Knesset; to recommend not only that it respond favourably to Sadat's wish to address it, but that it amend a procedure under which visiting heads of state have been confined to "greetings" in their speeches before the plenum.

SADAT TERMED the trip to Jerusalem a "sacred duty," declaring that his main aim was to "break this vicious circle" in which both sides are trapped. Presumably, he was referring to the continuing argument over the procedural framework, as well as the substance, of the Geneva conference.

The Egyptian President indicated that he has come to the conclusion that the U.S. mediation, intensive as it has been, was not going to bring about a resolution of differences between the Arabs and Israel — at least not before the end of 1977, which was declared "the year of peace."

The other parties in the regional conflict can afford to lose time. Sadat cannot. Last month, he extended the mandate of the UN Emergency Force (UNEF) in the Sinai for another year. But he feared that year might be transformed into another year of stalemate — of no war, and no peace. No war would make his military forces restless, even dangerous internally; no peace would mean that the Egyptian economy had not made headway, that it was indeed deteriorating.

Thus Sadat decided to go "to the end of the world" in his quest for a breakthrough. He made it clear, however, that he would come to Israel to talk, but would not negotiate a separate settlement, independent of the other parties to the conflict — Syria, Jordan, and the PLO.

HE SAID he would come to the Knesset merely to present the Arab view: that any settlement must be based on total Israeli withdrawal to the pre-1967 frontiers, and the provision of a homeland for the Palestinians on the West Bank and in the Gaza Strip.

When he comes, Sadat will offer Israel's a full-fledged peace, in exchange for these two demands. And he will negotiate those

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Although he spoke on the day that Israel launched a major retaliatory raid against the terrorists in Lebanon, Sadat refrained from condemning the raid or the war, but was tense on the Israel-Lebanon border.

IT IS PRECISELY Sadat's like for surprises that raises the question for caution, and militates against his being taken too seriously. This is especially true when he talks of peace, as he did before launching the Yom Kippur War.

LAST WEEK Sadat issued a number of signals to the outside world, all pointing to the conclusion that his peace intentions were genuine. He was no longer speaking of peace to foreigners, but was doing so for internal consumption, before his own Parliament and the rest of the Arab world. He was publicly urging the Arabs to view Israel as a living fact in their midst. And, in an effort to get around one of the main stumbling blocks on the path to negotiations, he recommended that an American professor of Palestinian origin, a civilized intellectual, speak for the Palestinian

people, rather than the PLO.

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ing of Saudi Arabia, the real Arab power. And the Saudis can relieve pressure on Sadat by exercising their leverage on Egypt's main partners in the conflict with Israel — Syria and Jordan.

IT IS MOST significant that Sadat chose to make his overture to Menachem Begin. The Egyptian leader has criticized previous Israeli premiers as weak, or insincere in their talk of peace. Can we understand him to be offering a testimonial to Begin's strength and sincerity?

Like most of the leaders of the neighbouring Arab states, Sadat has no illusions about Begin's political and territorial views. But he must recognize that now, particularly after the DMC entered the coalition, Begin's government has a firm parliamentary base. If the options are to wait four years or move now, Sadat has chosen the latter.

ON HIS PART, Begin has proved himself worthy of Sadat's challenge. He greeted the proposal with seriousness and gracious cordiality, both of which are believed to have encouraged the Egyptian leader to follow through after launching what might have been merely a trial balloon.

Not all of the 120 Knesset members, with whom Sadat has expressed his desire to meet, would have handled the matter as did Begin. Like the premier, they find themselves at almost total odds with the Egyptian leader on the basis for a settlement, especially if he refuses to reduce his demand for a Palestinian homeland and a total Israeli withdrawal.

In this week's Knesset debate, some MK's said that they might ask Sadat to explain his sudden change of heart. Former Foreign Minister Yigal Allon went further, to suggest that Sadat be asked to explain his million-to-none change — from risking a million lives (in 1973) to seeking to avoid a single casualty (last week).

SADAT AND BEGIN now are engaged in an intricate game of chess, with the Egyptian playing the first moves. He opened the game by saying that he would go to the Knesset if invited; Begin responded by expressing his willingness to have Sadat as a guest.

At Move Two, Sadat said that he had not received a formal invitation; Begin responded by issuing such an invitation.

Now that Sadat has accepted the invitation — in Move Three — Begin's next step will be concerned with the technical details of the visit.

At each successive move, the game gets more complex. Anwar Sadat has proved himself the master of the unexpected. Can anyone say that he may not pull another surprise card from his sleeve — in the form of a proposal for territorial compromise or who knows what — when he stands on the Knesset rostrum?

The Knesset, and the Israel government, must study the alternatives and be ready to respond within the "time limit" of such games.

Above all, both sides must realize that the game that they are playing is for very high stakes indeed. A grandmaster at this kind of diplomatic chess, Henry Kissinger, put it clearly yesterday in his warning that failure of the Sadat visit would pose the gravest of dangers to the whole peace-making process and to the states of the region.



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הכרזה מן האולם

WHEN THE LIKUD was voted into power, observers expected a major shift of policy in foreign affairs, but nothing very new on the domestic front.

What happened was the opposite. Herut leader Menachem Begin has made changes of style rather than content; whereas, to the astonishment of all and the consternation of some, Liberal leader Simha Ehrlich has sponsored an economic programme that is already being popularly termed the *mukdaph*, or "upheaval."

"Why the consternation?" asks the finance minister, his blue eyes wide with incredulity. "On Friday at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, we announced a new policy. On the Saturday in the evening, the Histadrut was already calling the workers out on strike. We ourselves did not yet know what results there would be from this first-time floating of the pound. Apparently (Histadrut Secretary-General Yeruham) Meshel did."

"What have we undertaken so far that affects the workers? Put up the price of subsidized commodities by 15 per cent and fuel by 25 per cent, that's all. It's nothing new. Labour did the same thing repeatedly. What is all the fuss about?"

"Import prices have gone up." "So let people buy Israeli goods. All in all, the price index will rise this year by less than the average increase over the last three years. Moreover, living standards will be kept at the present level, for all classes, as was the policy of the Labour governments before us. My conscience is clear. I said to the Histadrut, 'There's a wage problem? Let's talk about it.' No, they had to strike first. I call that playing politics."

THE MINISTER is sure of himself. Would his liberalizing policies have worked 25 years ago? He thinks they would.

"Eliesser Kaplan (Israel's first finance minister) clapped controls on foreign currency he didn't have. All he accomplished was to prevent foreign currency from flowing in."

Maybe so; but Israel did achieve, during its first two decades of independence, one of the highest economic growth rates on record. Admittedly, the effort ran out of steam with the onset of the Yom Kippur War. After that shattering event, the Labour Alignment was not able to get things going.

Ehrlich thinks he can do better. The Treasury forecasts a 4.5 per cent expansion in output next year — the first big step forward since 1973. How can that prediction be reconciled with a scheduled increase of close to one per cent in unemployment?

"You haven't understood the figures," he asserts. "That's not economic unemployment, there is no such thing at the moment in Israel. It's 'biological' unemployment. The population is getting older."

Meaning what? He explains: statistics tell us that 3.6 per cent of the labour force are unemployed.

But you cannot get a worker for love or money. Industry is short of 20,000 hands. Why does it not draw on the 44,000 registered as jobless?

Because they are unemployable: social cases dressed up as work-seekers; people on relief.

Next year the number will be not 44,000 unemployables, but 55,000.

"We are just getting older," Ehrlich repeats.

Economic theoreticians say



(Bungphot)

DISENGAGEMENT TAKES TIME

The effects of the New Economic Policy, including the severe diminution of the government's role in the whole economy, will not be fully felt for some time, says Finance Minister Simha Ehrlich. Among the things he expects is an exchange rate of IL18.50 to the dollar by the end of 1978. Ehrlich spoke to DAVID KRIVINE this week.

that there should be some temporary unemployment for economic reasons too. Mr. Ehrlich's predecessor, the Labour Party's finance minister, Yehoshua Rabinowitz, predicted twice that that would happen, in 1975 and 1976; but full employment continued. The new minister himself warned, when he came into office, that the country must expect a weakening of the labour market.

There is still no sign of it, even after the "upheaval"; and no sign of any recession in the domestic sector. Biological factors apart, the shortage of labour will continue, since price inflation is billed to continue.

According to figures released by the Treasury's economic adviser, Ephraim Dovrat, the index will not only rise by 34 per cent this year, or 9 per cent more than originally forecast (owing presumably to the New Economic Policy); it will rise by another 31 per cent next year. Which means a further fall in the value of the pound.

THE MINISTER believes that by the end of 1978, the dollar will be worth IL18.50. The readjustment he has in mind cannot be introduced in one fell swoop.

"We are disengaging the government from the economy,

but it takes time," he points out. The housing authorities will stop building; but not tomorrow at noon. The private sector must take over, and that is a gradual process. So the programme has to be whittled down gradually.

But there is a more important hold-up in the battle against inflation, and Ehrlich blames the former regime strongly for it. Next year will see an explosion of... debt servicing. It has already started. Redemption dates of several big government loans are bunched together, and the Treasury is obliged to make huge out-payments during 1978, which cannot possibly be matched by revenue from current bond sales.

He shakes his head at such improvidence. First of all, he deplores the whole obsession with borrowing, an inevitable counterpart of the ingrained belief that the government must do everything. Next year, the Finance Ministry has to find IL60b. to repay loans (capital and interest).

"One-third of my budget! Economists abroad wouldn't believe that if I told them." He is pained by the situation. "There are two intractable items: IL40b. for loans, IL55b. for defence. Together nearly two-thirds of the state's total outlay. The bulk of the estimates fixed, predeter-

mined, pegged in advance. In such a situation we don't need a finance minister. What is there for him to do?"

He believes that debts should account for 15 per cent of a healthy budget, no more. Fortunately, the situation will ease in 1979. The debt provision will be on, and Ehrlich believes the substantially smaller, which leaves room for manoeuvre. Half the saving he will use for retrenchment, he says, half for reinforcing the infrastructure and social services.

The stabilization of prices must take longer. The plateau will not be finally reached till 1980. By then price inflation should be around 10 per cent annually. "Still high by the best European standards, but a welcome change for us."

I AM STILL bothered by this unemployment business. Not all industrialists are pleased with Ehrlich's plan. Firms that lose money are liable to shed staff. Some exporters are being hit, and that was surely not the purpose of the exercise!

We were talking quietly at his office in the Knesset — three of us, the minister, his spokesman at the Treasury (veteran press officer David Bar-Haim), and myself. The atmosphere was very relaxed, despite the fact that the

meeting he had conducted that morning with Histadrut chiefs had lasted until past midday. "Isn't there any provision in your diary for a siesta?" I asked. He grinned. "If a man isn't ready to work hard, he shouldn't be finance minister."

As to the business climate, it is not part of Ehrlich's plan to make life easy for the man of affairs. The Liberals believe in competition, which means the survival of the fittest. The last budget had IL12b. for export incentives. Some firms used that as a cushion, he maintains. The cushion is now removed. Exporters must buy their dollars (to pay for their raw materials) at the same price as they sell the dollars they earn. There is only one exchange-rate.

If a particular firm — or branch — cannot make ends meet, that means it was sponging on the export incentive. The money spent by the taxpayer was misused, in some cases; it kept inefficient firms in business. That will now be stopped.

Or will it? Will the Likud regime be as tough as Ehrlich's theory requires, when the pressures really begin? There is more than a hint that he may go further and start subsidizing the lame and the halt, thereby committing the very sin for which he reproaches the party now in opposition. Time will tell.

"CRITICS ON THE LEFT say that instead of appending less on the social services, which need every agora they can get, you could swell the revenue by imposing, say, a capital levy."

For the first time, the minister looks angry. "Whoever suggests that does not know what he is talking about," he fulminates. "We want to bring capital in, not drive it out."

"Look, there is proper, fully-declared capital that we know about, and there is black capital that we know nothing about. What we know about we tax, and tax heavily — as heavily as the market will bear." The Ben-Shahar committee has set an upper limit. The minister holds that any administration exceeding that limit would be undermining the incentive to save, to invest, to build, to produce.

"As to the capital that we don't know about — how do you propose to apply a tax on that? Do you want us to force open safes in the banks, to break into people's homes, examine their carpets, scrutinize the pictures on their walls?"

"That invasion of privacy is not for us. Nor will it gain us anything. It will encourage people to cheat. It will create more black capital — that is the only result I can see."

"But you propose giving an amnesty to holders of black capital."

His good humour returns. "It's only an idea for discussion so far," he says. "The aim is a good one. We want to do the reverse of what we said before, and turn black capital into white."

There will be a price to pay. Those who do not pay it will get no amnesty. Those who do pay it — a flat 35 per cent, or whatever — will not only be putting their assets to constructive use once more; they will be placing their necks under the fiscal yoke for good and all. Any future earnings from that "whitened" capital will be chased by the tax authorities, like other people's earnings.

"How much black capital is there?" "Who knows? They don't submit annual reports on the subject, you may be sure of that." □

WELFARE IS A DIRTY WORD

His new Ministry of Labour and Social Affairs doesn't deal only with the poor, but with almost everyone in Israel, says Dr. Israel Katz in an interview with SUSAN BELLOS.

IF A PICTURE of Milton Friedman hangs in the Ministry of Finance, Israel Katz has a very different loon. Inside the luxuriant suite of former ministers of labour a silver-framed portrait of Richard Titmuss, the architect of the British Labour Party's social policy over the past 20 years, is displayed prominently.

Titmuss was very far from a supporter of a "free economy," with what someone recently referred to as its components of "private opulence and public squalor."

An Englishman and a professor at the London School of Economics, Titmuss understood abstract issues, such as income redistribution and fiscal reform, in human terms. National, universal social services plus income maintenance, if properly implemented, meant people leading happier, more productive and more dignified lives. He talked a great deal about "social man as opposed to economic man," a concept which might not be fully endorsed by some of those who are making economic decisions in Israel today.

Minister of Labour and Social Affairs Israel Katz, who joined the Government with his Democratic Movement for Change colleagues last month, is short, stocky and bustling; Titmuss, who died in 1973, was tall, awkward and gangling; they looked an odd pair when together but they were great friends, and mutual admirers. Their early lives were dissimilar. Titmuss grew up among farming people in Staffordshire; Katz spent his childhood as a member of a poor family in the Vienna of the 1930's. From the age of ten, Katz, who will be 50 next month, was brought up in a Youth Aliya children's home.

To refer to Katz as a former social worker is not a biographical detail. Like Titmuss, he is a man who is deeply concerned about how it feels to be poor and insecure (and this winter, with his investigation of compensation for residents of cold-weather areas, how it feels to be cold).

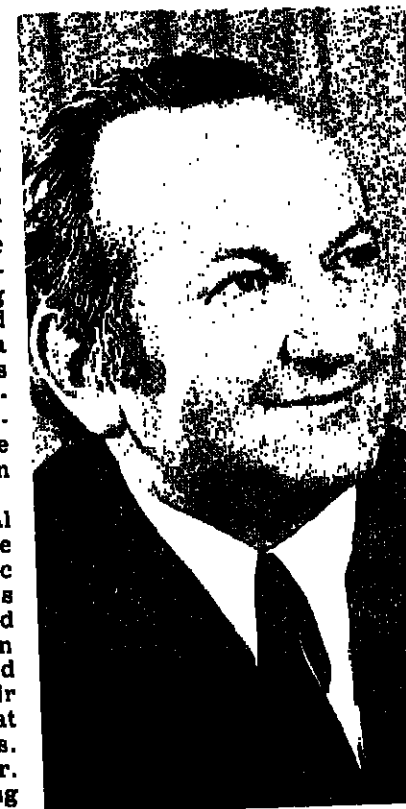
Nor is the fact that he was director of the National Insurance Institute irrelevant. Together with the former labour minister, Yosef Almog, Katz fashioned many of the instruments of today's social policy.

KATZ'S MOST outstanding personal trait — apart from a bubbling Viennese vitality — is a humanity which leads him to ruminate on malnutrition, the right room temperature for babies, and the personal pain, as well as the economic loss, caused by road accidents.

In a recent interview in his thickly-carpeted and well-appointed ministerial suite, Katz refused to be embarrassed by his pleasant surroundings. ("Well, so what, I didn't build it.") In any event, he is out to change the shabby image of one part of his

ministry. He does not look kindly on references to himself as "a former social worker," nor to the phrase "social betterment" — let alone that dreadful term "welfare."

"We must get rid of the notion that this ministry is about the poor," he insisted. The trouble is that Katz inherited the old National Religious Party-run Ministry of Welfare, which in



spite of a sprinkling of topnotch professionals, has always exuded a strong scent of "good works for the needy."

This, said Katz, warming up to his subject, is part of a major distortion in Israel thinking over the past 30 years, whereby the "population is neatly divided between those who produce and those who take." He pointed out that only 17,000 families, a marginal sub-group, live entirely on public assistance — hardly comparable with the enormous subsidies the previous government handed to exporters. Those millions, Katz noted tartly, "were called export incentives rather than welfare."

His new ministry, Katz said, should be for and about almost everybody in Israel. Everybody grows old, and he is pushing for a national wage-related pension scheme; most people have babies and use children's allowances and maternity benefits. Work accidents, which affected 20,000 people last year, and road accidents, which took 800 lives, also did not have much to do with social class.

Katz sees a direct connection between education and social policy. He wants to deal with the whole child, not merely see to it that there are vocational schools or special institutions for disabled

children. Once a street-gang worker, he recognizes that real intervention cannot be limited to the classroom; it includes the family and the neighbours.

This view stands in contrast to the position of Education Minister Zevulun Hammer, a former welfare minister, who has spoken about the overwhelming necessity of dealing with the problem of marginal youth, but has as yet been most unenthusiastic about co-ordinating his ministry's efforts with those of Labour and Social Affairs.

SO FAR, Katz had been using the word "we." I now asked him, rather hesitantly, whom he meant. "The Government, of course, I am a member, you know."

It is all very odd. While Katz never says a word about foreign policy, it is clear that his social views are diametrically opposed to, say, Mr. Ehrlich's or Mr. Horowitz's. The sad fact is that the Labour Party, where he seems to belong, had no real use for an outsider in its political structure, and would not permit him to put many of his ideas into practice. This Government has, at least, given him the framework for his ideas. Katz laughed off a sudden question as to whether he was a socialist, and said it was better to work on the "inside than the outside."

But how can anybody hope to narrow the socio-economic gap with the NEP? Katz said gravely that while it is perfectly clear that liberalizing the economy may increase the social gap, there isn't the slightest chance of re-allocating or developing social resources on a large scale without economic growth. Sagely, he added, "Of course we don't know yet quite what the economic consequences of the NEP will be." But, he pointed out, this Government, like all the political parties, is committed to narrowing the socio-economic gap, and his ministry is watching very carefully to see just where and how compensation can be applied.

Both Katz and the Treasury have been talking about compensating the three lowest deciles of the population, but exactly how are they to be identified? "It is a knotty problem, but we are setting up a special task-force together with the Treasury to work out the best possible way — although, of course, there is no ideal way."

KATZ DOES NOT SEEM to be an empire-builder. His ministry is not out "just to develop more services" (assuming, of course, that the Treasury would consider such an inflationary thing in the first place). It is very tempting, he said, to think in terms of more pilot-projects and innovations. But there has been a great wastage and duplication of services in the past, and one of his first priorities, after the present budget-wrangling, is to do a proper stock-taking in his office.

"Look at all those community centres," he said. "All those lovely buildings. Are we using them properly, or do we even know how to use them? There are plenty of vocational training schemes, but are they being operated to the best advantage?"

Katz brings an unusually high level of professionalism to his post; he will need all of it to meet the challenges, particularly in light of the difficult economic conditions. His ideas, of which he has very many, go against the sympathies of some of his colleagues, who might be happier with less socio-economic data and more charity. □

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A hanging matter



Ephraim Kishon

"T'WAS ON A MONDAY morning that we woke up, glanced through the window and said, 'Yippie!' The heavens were as clear as an angel's conscience, and as blue as blue. The girls in the family — my little wife, that is, and her mother — jumped briskly out of bed and said, 'At last!'"

We'd been waiting ages for a day like this, in order to get through the incredible quantities of dirty washing that had collected in a whole month of rain-rain-rain. The laundry basket had filled to overflowing, and we had been reduced to hiding our soiled linen in such out-of-the-way spots as under the bed and inside my desk drawers.

And now, finally, sunshine, you are my sunshine. True, our washing-machine happened to be on sick leave just then, but the wife and ma-in-law attacked the laundry with great enthusiasm themselves, and had washed their way through the lot in a mere five hours.

Then we carried the whole caboodle by palifulls to the garden and strung it up on the clothes-lines, the antennae, the balcony railing, the fence, and the cable supporting the pole in front of our house for the benefit of the Electric Corporation. It was a hell of a job, and it took us the best part of an hour, but finally the last sock was up, hallelujah!

AND THEN it started to rain. Don't ask me how. Only minutes before, the sky had been smiling at us; you had to get up on the roof to see a cloud. And now, all of a sudden it was raining. Did I say raining? The sky had gone pitch-black, and big fat clouds were gathering from all over to hold a meeting over our garden.

We raced about plucking everything off the clothes-lines, antennae, etc. again, ran to the bathroom and dumped it in the tub — and for the last batch we had to use a ladder because the laundry-mountain had reached ceiling and beyond. Then we sank panting into an armchair, poked up the paper and looked at the weather forecast: partly cloudy in the morning, clearing up towards noon, it said, so we knew the storm would last a fortnight.

It did. Outside it came down in torrents, and inside the wash fermented in our bathtub like beer in a barrel. By next morning our house smelt like a cellar with a dead body in it, and a lot of tiny green fungi had appeared on our walls.

"We've got to do something," the little woman announced. "Dry the stuff somehow before it rots in the tub."

WE LOOKED out: the cloud congress was still in full swing up there. No use waiting any longer. We took the longest piece of string we could find and began putting it up in the living room. The string issued forth from the window-latch, ran through the cupboard key, from there to the door-knob, next to the button on the mirror-frame, then up-up-up to the lampshade and down again to the table leg, where it took a U-turn and came safely back home to the window-latch. The effect was rather stunning, not at all unlike some of the best of conceptual art.

We removed the laundry from the tub — I swear it was wetter than ever — and hung it up on our modern art line. Then we lit our dumpy kerosene stove to hurry up the drying process, and sat back with the satisfaction of a good job well done.

Life in our household resumed its normal course, except that every time we crawled through the living room we got soaking wet, on account of both the puddles on the floor and the water dripping on our back from the criss-cross laundry line. Ma-in-law said a bat could fly between lines like that without even touching them, seeing it's got this radar or what, but that's cold comfort to me. Whatever else I am, a bat I am not.

THE NEXT THING that happened was that we sat down to dinner, and we'd just finished the soup when we heard something go pinggg! whooshhh! and the whole house shook and settled on its side.

We raced for the living room and were met by a scene of utter havoc. Our string had decided that this burden was too much for it after all, and had snapped at the mirror-button station. Its load had thereupon crashed to the floor, where it now sprawled helpless like a Gulliver among the Lilliputians. I need hardly add, perhaps, that our best damask tablecloth, the pride of the family, had landed on top of the stove, with fearful consequences to both the stove and it.

For a moment we just stood there and stared. Then, without a word, we each grabbed an armful of the damp, smelly stuff, rushed out into the pouring rain with it, and hung it all up again on the antennae, the railing, the fence, and the Electric Corporation cable.

It's been there ever since, flapping in the wind and the rain, getting wetter and dirtier by the day. But who cares? In here it's warm and dry, and we can walk upright in our own living room again. One day the sun will come out and dry our laundry, and then we'll take it down and burn it.

Translated by Miriam Arad.
By arrangement with "Ma'ariv."

RAQUEL CHALFI is a poet, a documentary film-maker, a radio editor, and a statuesque beauty to boot. Four years ago, two weeks after the Yom Kippur War cease-fire, she hitchhiked down to the Israeli positions on the other side of the Suez Canal. An ordinary portable Sony tape-recorder in hand, she wandered around the front lines in "Africa," talking to soldiers and letting her mike pick up the background sounds: birds quacking, soldiers mildly swearing to themselves as they waited to get a telephone line to call home.

She returned to Jerusalem and edited hours of tapes into three one-hour radio programmes for Galei Zahal, the Israel Defence Forces radio.

Last Sunday, Raquel Chalfi was in Barcelona to receive the Radio Barcelona *Primos Ondas* award for the best international radio programme of the year. This was the second of her three "Africa" programmes, called "Shai and his friends," which Galei Zahal had sent as its first-ever entry for the award.

No one was more surprised than Chalfi herself.

"First of all," she says, "it's a programme for the IDF radio, and internationally the IDF is hardly as popular as it once was. Second, it's about Israeli soldiers during the Yom Kippur War. And third, the soldiers in the programme are all stationed on Egyptian soil, on the other side of the Canal. In today's political situation, it seems incredible that the judges could overcome all this to award it the prize."

In fact, the judges awarded the prize less for the programme's content than for its style. They praised Chalfi's use of the mike as "radio verite" — candid radio — and noted that she had managed to bring out the human side of war, the small things which underline what war means and how the people who do the fighting actually feel about it.

The Shai of the programme's title is a 24-year-old paratroop officer. Most of the programme concentrates on what is going on in his unit: the mini-peace talks with the Egyptian officers stationed just 50 metres away on the other side of the line, naive discussions on the meaning of democracy and peace, musings about the contrast between the recent fighting and the now sylvan serenity of the scenery. Shai counts the letters he's received from his wife (18 in two-and-a-half weeks) and reads matches from them. His friends make oakes for the Egyptian officers for that afternoon's meeting. Shai recounts a dream he had — about prisoners.

MORDECHAI NAOR, director of Galei Zahal, is delighted with the station's first-time success on the international scene.

"Sending that programme was a calculated risk," he smiles, "but a worthwhile one. We decided to send a programme that simply couldn't be ignored — about an exceptional place, in an exceptional place, and produced by a woman."

Like half of the station's employees, Mordechai Naor is a civilian. So is his deputy, Zvi Shapiro. And this is part of the reason why Galei Zahal has developed from a tiny purely military six-hour-a-day station in 1960 into a serious rival to Israel Radio in 1977, broadcasting around the clock.

For Galei Zahal has an unusual dual purpose: that of a regular radio station using the

THE ARMY ON THE AIR

Galei Zahal has a dual function — as the army's radio station, and as a public broadcaster. It also provides a kind of competition for Israel Radio, a fact which has raised some questions as to its necessity. LESLEY HAZLETON reports.



"sandwich" system of programming (mixing topical and educational-cultural programmes with plenty of light music), and that of a military station serving the specific population of soldiers. And in Israel, of course, this specific population extends to reservists and to the families of both regular soldiers and reservists, so that Galei Zahal's "natural" audience is basically the same as that of Israel Radio.

This has given rise to regular outbursts of criticism of Galei Zahal's existence. Its programmes are definitely competitive with those of Israel Radio, in particular the latter's Second and Third Programmes, while only 23 per cent of broadcasting time aside from light music is spent on military subjects.

Israel Radio spokesman Moshe Amirav comments drily: "As a military station, Galei Zahal is definitely legitimate and important. As to the rest, it is a little competitive, true, but we can live with it."

ONE OF THE MAIN criticisms of Galei Zahal is the cost, especially now when outbacks are in order. But its annual budget is IL14m., a fraction of the army's budget and an extraordinarily small sum for a non-commercial, 24-hour-a-day station with 102 employees. At Galei Zahal, they estimate that one hour of broadcasting time costs them one sixth of what it costs Israel Radio. And yet, as the Ondas award shows, with no loss of quality.

There are many obvious reasons for this vast difference in cost. Nearly half of Galei Zahal's

employees are national service soldiers.

But many of the reasons are less obvious. If none of the station's eight cars is available, a reporter has to take a bus, not a taxi. It has no full-time foreign correspondents for news commentaries, but uses free-lancers. And many of its programmes are produced or moderated by free-lancers.

It also uses a different technology. Raquel Chalfi is still the exception in her use of the portable Sony for documentaries. But Galei Zahal reporters have used it for news commentaries and outside interviews since the Yom Kippur War, when speed and convenience overcame the idea that the heavier the equipment, the better it must be. Any loss of quality, they argue, is indistinguishable in the broadcast.

Galei Zahal runs three news-reels a day, in addition to its three night-time bulletins, and foreign media tend to get very excited when a tidbit of news or commentary is taken from the army station, thinking that it must have an inside line to what is "really happening." (The breaking of the news of the Entebbe rescue did much for Galei Zahal's status, though its glorious scoop had nothing to do with its being the IDF station: it was simply the only Israeli station on the air at that time of night.)

"We try to be very careful about this aspect," says Mordechai Naor. "Intentions are attributed to us that we don't have. Whatever we do, we're the voice of the army in the eyes of people abroad, so that if our reporters or commen-

tators say what they think personally on the air, this immediately becomes the army's standpoint to foreign newsmen."

THE FACT that Galei Zahal is part of the army, indeed, works both ways. In certain instances, it may have better sources — certainly quicker ones — but in others it is hampered by its reputation. It tries to avoid speculation on army affairs lest that speculation immediately becomes accepted as fact.

And in certain cases there are clashes between the army's intentions and the station's professional credibility. In such cases, the heads of Galei Zahal argue for their credibility as radio station and usually win, albeit within the limits of compromise. One example: the ban on political campaigning within the army before the last elections, versus Galei Zahal's duty as its radio station to keep its listeners properly informed. The compromise: a special commentator was hired for the duration of the campaign to report what was going on, but without direct interviews with politicians or recordings of their speeches.

"We work within a continual dilemma of how to combine our military function with our radiophonic one," says deputy director Zvi Shapiro. "You could say this is our zone of manoeuvrability."

That zone is widening continuously. Galei Zahal broadcasts light music for much of the day, but with a policy of at least 50 per cent Israeli music. The University on the Air, half-hour lectures on

subjects as varied as Judaism and cosmology, began only a month ago, but there have already been hundreds of requests for bibliographies.

The station has adopted the "confrontation" approach to many of its topical interest programmes. Instead of one expert giving forth, it presents three or four in discussion, or faces one politician with three or four reporters.

The latest innovation is the "Red Line," a number which listeners can call the moment something newsworthy happens. One item that came over it was a call from a Tel Aviv hairdresser to say that her sister, an Israeli, was married to the co-pilot of the Lufthansa plane hijacked at Mogadishu. The item was kept off the air until after the hostages were freed.

"Sometimes," says Zvi Shapiro, "we even know there's been a bomb blast before the police do, but we don't put any item on the air until we've checked it out." The number for would-be news reporters: 03-822292.

The atmosphere within Galei Zahal is as open as the Red Line. Young soldiers doing their national service are welcome to come up with their own ideas, and thus was born the idea of the "marathons," seven consecutive hours devoted to one singer or group or style of music.

UNTIL RECENTLY, the station had no hierarchy beyond the director and his deputy. Now it is being reorganized into departments, "a normal move for any organization of our size and range," as Zvi Shapiro says, "but one that feels strange for us." He emphasizes that the division will be functional, not personal, and that reporters will still work in many departments at the same time.

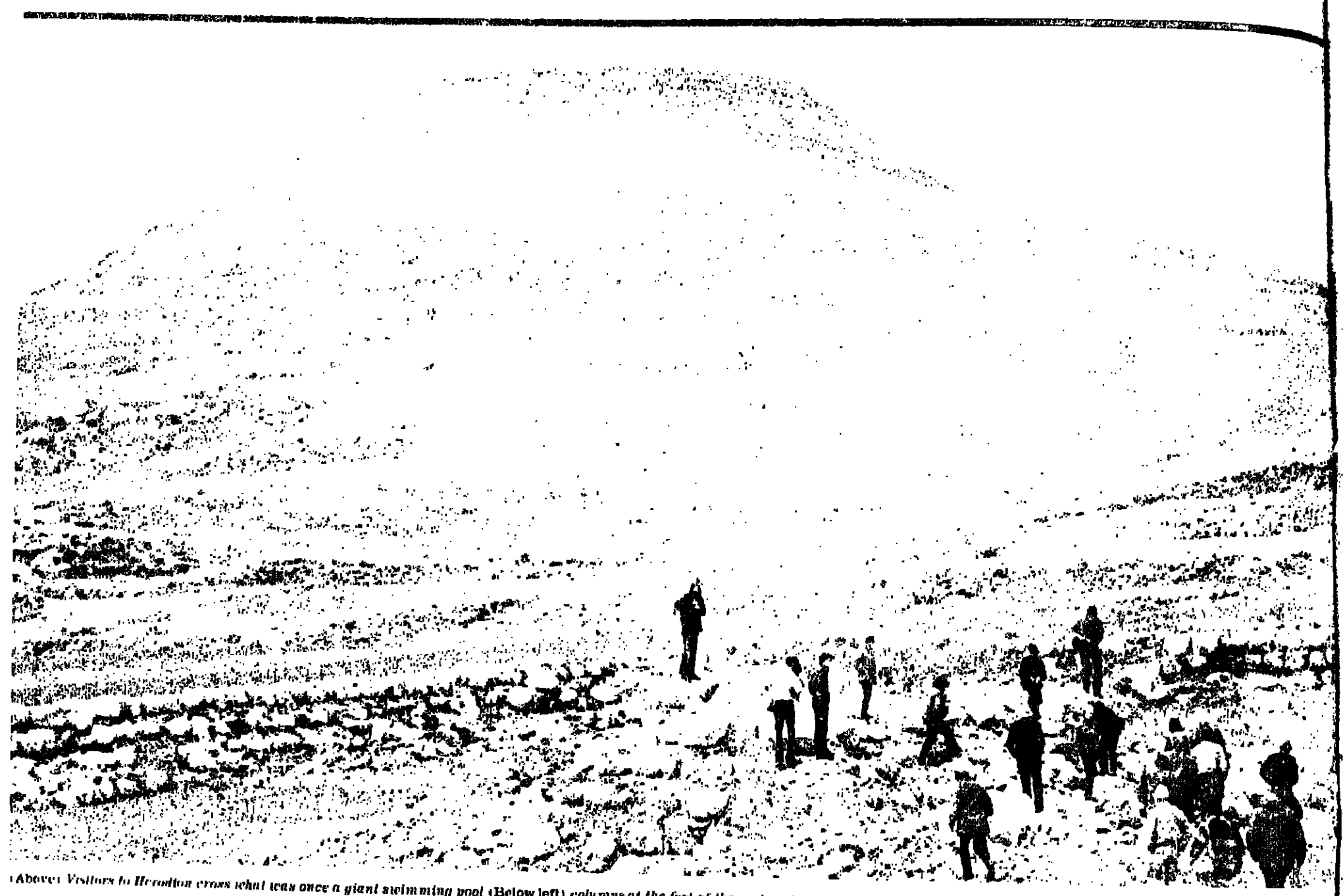
Perhaps the clearest indication of the work atmosphere is that both the director and his deputy have their own programmes and also moderate or interview on topical-interest broadcasts. The line between administration and actual radio work is blurred, and at Galei Zahal they think it healthier that way.

Clearly, the IDF considers its IL14m. annual investment worthwhile. It gives the army a rapid means of mass communication; it provides the country with a second radio station should anything happen to the main one; and it reaches places that the latter does not reach, or where it is received badly, such as Sinai and the Golan (though Galei Zahal reception is very bad in the Arava, in the Beit Shean valley, and between Tel Aviv and Haifa).

It also provides healthy competition for Israel Radio, which itself has a good record for qualitative campaigning within the army before the last elections, ty, having won the Ondas award versus Galei Zahal's duty as its radio station to keep its listeners properly informed. The compromise: a special commentator was hired for the duration of the campaign to report what was going on, but without direct interviews with politicians or recordings of their speeches.

There are many who regard two competing services as unnecessary, and who would like to see the army station absorbed by Israel Radio. The main criticism should perhaps be not that competition is unnecessary, but that both stations are financed by the state, albeit through different channels, and that a second (or third) station should be independent, as the second TV station is planned to be. □

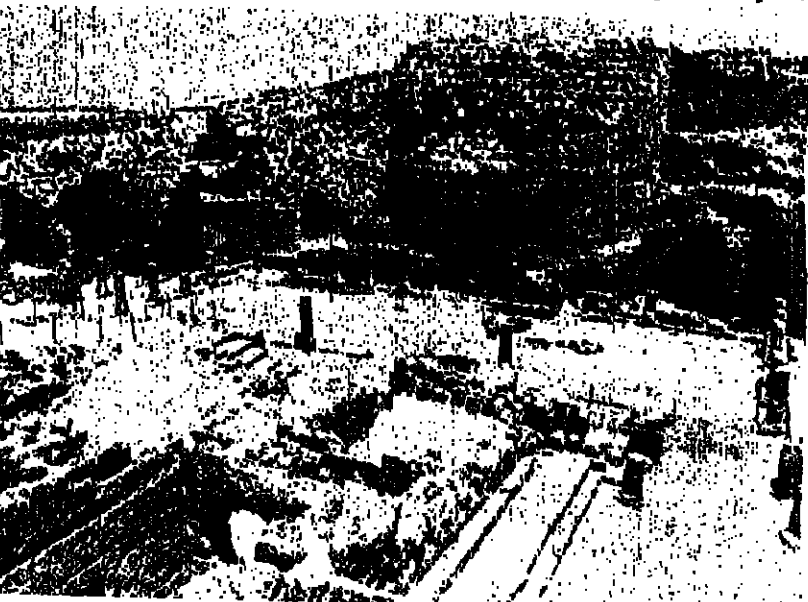
הכזא מן האצל



(Above) Visitors to Herodion cross what was once a giant swimming pool. (Below left) Columns at the foot of the eastern tower enclosed a sunken garden.



(Below) The inner courtyard viewed from the western rampart of the complex.



HEROD'S MASTERPIECE

A great builder, King Herod was especially proud of his fortress-palace at Herodion. The site was visited recently by HADASSAH BAT-HAIM.

HEROD, son of Antipater, ruled the Jewish nation from 37 to 4 BCE by the grace of Rome. He was a cruel, tyrannical despot, hated by the Jews, who would not accept him because he was a man of Edom.

Although his name is always connected with horror and treachery, Herod's place in history is also secured by the monuments he left. He was a dedicated and passionate builder. In a vain bid for popularity, he rebuilt the Temple as a magnificent edifice for worship. He rebuilt Samaria, enlarged Caesarea, and designed Masada as a fitting refuge for a king in case of need.

But the masterpiece that symbolized his overweening personal pride was Herodion, the complex comprising palace, fortress and mausoleum that he built on top of a mountain in the Judean hills, some 10 km. from Jerusalem, on the outskirts of Bethlehem.

Two hundred marble steps still lead up to the gate. In Herod's day they gleamed crystal-white; today they are eroded and overgrown. Halfway up, a hole in the hillside leads into a long passage which debouches into the great colonnade that was part of Herod's vital water system. Later, this network of tunnels in the bowels of the mountain was to serve Bar Kochba as an underground base during the Jewish Revolt.

At the top of the mountain — "rounded off in the shape of a breast," to use Josephus' description of the man-made summit — are the remains of the palace-fortress. The palace itself was a small but elegant building. Remnants of frescoes decorate the walls of the bath-house. There was once an ornamental lake with a pavilion on an artificial island in the centre. A sunken garden was shaded against the summer heat. Delicate columns and coloured mosaics still survive.

Expense was obviously no object, and Herod could bring the finest craftsmen of the Roman Empire to work the marble and carved stone that looks as if it will last another 2,000 years. □

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

MUSIC

All programmes are at 8.50 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

LYDIA MORDKOVITCH, violin, **ALAN STEINFELD**, piano — Works by Mozart, Schubert, Beethoven. (Hobrow University, Givat Ram Campus, Wise Auditorium, Monday at 1.15 p.m.)

CHAMBER CONCERT — In cooperation with Israel Radio. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Sunday)

YANULA PAPPAS, Mezzo-soprano — Songs by Scarlatti, Schumann, Telemann, Rosmini, Ravel, Joaquin Rodrigo. (Israel Museum, Saturday)

JERUSALEM SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA — Anatole Fistoulari, conductor; Louis Keizer, piano. Works by Bach, Liszt, Tchaikovsky. (Jerusalem Theatre, Series 3: Tuesday, Series 4: Wednesday)

ORGAN RECITAL — Zvi Meniker plays works from "The Book of 1837" by Freudenthal. (YMCA, King David St., Saturday at 11.30 a.m.)

BACH PROGRAMME — Edith Picht-Axenfeld (Germany), harpsichord; Uri Wieser, cello. (Targ Music Centre, Eilat, Monday, Special bus from King David Hotel at 7.30 p.m.; Kings Hotel at 7.40 p.m.; Mt. Herzl at 8 p.m. Return trip assured)

ISRAEL BACH SOCIETY — Works for violin, organ and harpsichord by Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, with Yehoshua Eshkol and Eli Freud. (International Evangelical Church, 85 Hanu'el'im, Saturday)

ISRAEL CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Vera Weidman, violin. Serenades by Mozart, Dvorak. (Tel Aviv, Museum, Monday through Thursday)

NETANYA ORCHESTRA — Arie Levanon, conductor. Programme of light classical music. (Beit Hamoreh, Thursday at 10 p.m.)

MUSICAMERA ENSEMBLE — Idith Zvi, piano; Avraham Melamed, violin; Shulamit Lorrain, cello. Works by Klon, Rousseau, Schubert. (Tel Aviv Museum, Saturday)

11:11 SERIES — Zvi Harel, cello; Marina Bondarenko, piano; Yair Klees, violin; Richard Lesser, clarinet. Works by Brahms, Debussy, Messiaen. (Tzavta, 30 Ibn Gvirol, Saturday at 11:11 a.m.)

Haifa

ISRAEL BACH SOCIETY — Works for flute and organ, with Amy Brown (USA) and Eli Freud. Works by Bach, Handel, Telemann, Buxtehude (Stella Maria Church, Tuesday at 7.30 p.m.)

Other Towns

JEWISH SOUL MUSIC — Gloria Feldman, clarinet. (Ashdod, Community Centre, tonight; Eilat, Thursday)

BEERSHEBA ORCHESTRA — Ole Schmidt, conductor; Yoel Zivoni, violin. Works by Nielsen, Mozart, Haydn. (Beersheba Concert Hall, Series 3: Saturday, Series 4: Sunday, Series 5: Monday)

KIBBUTZ CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Conductor Naam Shoriff. Works by Handel, Bach, Mozart. (Kiryat Bialik, Wednesday)

HOLON CHAMBER ORCHESTRA — Dan Vogel, conductor; Michael Melzer, flute. Works by Dvorak, Vivaldi, Mozart. (Holon, Yad Lebanim, Thursday)



Luis Rainer and Paul Muri as the Chinese farming couple in Sidney Franklin's "The Good Earth."

THEATRE

All performances are in Hebrew, unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

DEEP WATER — Habimah production by Hillel Mittelman. Directed by Amri Nizani. Attempts to enter the lives of a group of youths who are at once the products of their society and at variance with it. (Jerusalem Theatre, Saturday at 8.50 p.m.)

GOG AND MAGOG — Musical satire written by Yehoshua Sobel. Directed by Nola Chilton. Music by Yoni Rechter. (Hebrew University, Givat Ram campus, Wise Auditorium, Tuesday)

JERUSALEM SPY STORY — With Roana Ferber and Steve Byk. Thriller with Arab-Israeli political background. In English. (Jerusalem Plaza Theatre Club, Saturday)

SOFT PEOPLE — Experimental theatre produced by the Odor group. (Jerusalem Theatre Upstairs, Saturday, Sunday and Tuesday)

THEATRE GAMES — Improvisational show in which the technical, behind-the-scenes activities become the centre-stage performance. With Israel Gurion and others. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Saturday)

Tel Aviv

ALL MY SONS — Arthur Miller's play about World War II profiteers. Produced by the Cameri Theatre. (Nahmani Hall, 17 Nahmani, Monday and Tuesday)

DEEP WATER — (Habimah's Small Hall, Wednesday and Thursday)

DO YOU KNOW THE MILKY WAY — A feeble contrived play set in a mental asylum about a soldier seeking his lost identity after returning from war. (Habimah's Small Hall, Tuesday)

EVERYONE WITH EVERYONE — Comedy with Mandy Rice-Davies, Abraham Mor, Asriel Asherov. (Beit Hahayal, Weizmann Hall, Sunday at 8 p.m.; Ohel, Beit Arian, 8:30 p.m.; Tel Aviv, Wednesday)

MADAMA BUTTERFLY — By Puccini. Cast: Susan Eichelberger, Walter Plante, Richard Shapp. (Tel Aviv, Thursday)

GALA EVENING — In celebration of the 50th anniversary of the Israel National Opera. (Jerusalem, Binyanei Ha'oma, Monday)

DIE RAJADERE — By Kalman. Cast: Esther Baumweil, Susan Eichelberger, William Reed, Miriam Laron, Mordechai Ben-Shachar. (Tel Aviv, Wednesday)

FLLOWERS FOR A WHITE MOUSE — Science fiction monodrama of a retarded boy who becomes a genius after an experimental brain operation. With Habimah actor Alex Peleg. Adapted and translated by Ehud Manor. (ZOA House, 1 Daniel Frisch, tonight at 10; Saturday at 9 p.m.)

FOUR WOMEN — Habimah Theatre production. Directed by Nola Chilton. (Haifa Municipal Theatre, 30 Pevaner, Saturday at 8.50 p.m.)

IN THE PRIME OF HER LIFE — The Khan Theatre's adaptation of the story by E.Y. Agnon. Directed by Michael Govria. (Beit Rothschild, tonight)

SUMMER RESIDENTS — By Maxim Gorky. Directed by Nola Chilton. (Haifa Municipal Theatre, 30 Pevaner, Saturday at 8.50 p.m.)

Other Towns

ALL MY SONS — (Givat Haim, Sharett, Sunday)

DEEP WATER — (Tiberias, Sunday)

THE EMIGRANTS — A bitter searing story of two emigrants from a communist country. Directed by Yoni Rechter. (Beit Hahayal, Tel Aviv, Tuesday at 8 p.m.; Tel Aviv, Thursday at 9.15 p.m.)

EVERYONE WITH EVERYONE — (Holon, 31 Hama, tonight at 8.30; Potah Tikva, Shalom, Monday at 8 p.m.; Netanya, Esther, Thursday at 9.15 p.m.)

THE GLASS MENAGERIE — Beersheba Theatre production of the play by Tennessee Williams. (Beersheba, Wednesday and Thursday)

GOG AND MAGOG — (Kiryat Ono, Matness, tonight; Hatzorim, Saturday)

MARATHON — A tour de force of a play by French playwright Claude Confortas, about three men actually running a marathon race. Under the brilliant direction of Belgian Jonathan Metzger, with the Khan's cast of three actually running for about two hours. (Kiryat Malachi, Wednesday)

VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE — Arthur Miller's 1955 play examines the plight of Italian immigrants living in the U.S. during the Depression. (Beit Shean, Monday)

DANCE

BAT SHEVA DANCE COMPANY — Voices (Christopher Bruce); Rooms (Anna Sokolov); Rainbow Round my Shoulder (Donald McKayle). (Haifa Municipal Theatre, 30 Pevaner, Sunday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

BAT DOR DANCE COMPANY — Works choreographed by Sara Sugihara, Yacov Sharir, Flora Kushman, Yehudit Arnon, Hedda Oron. (Eilat, Hahayal, tonight; Nir David, Saturday)

KIBBUTZ DANCE COMPANY — Works choreographed by Sara Sugihara, Yacov Sharir, Flora Kushman, Yehudit Arnon, Hedda Oron. (Eilat, Hahayal, tonight; Nir David, Saturday)

STYLIA DORAN — Flamenco dancer. (Ashdod, Beit Ha'am, Tuesday; Tel Aviv, Beit Wizo, Ed. David, Wednesday)

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SHOP TALK
Sybil Zimmerman

GIFT SHOPS are plentiful throughout Israel, but how many give you a relaxed, comfortable, home-like atmosphere, where salespeople are interested and helpful but not aggressive or pushy? Two such shops, in slightly out-of-the-way places in Jerusalem, fit this description.

Walk into Danielle and you are surrounded by wooden beams interspersed along the white-washed walls and on the ceiling. Hanging from the beams are a variety of interesting lampshades and a few large copper pieces. Small tables hold attractively arranged groupings of brass, copper and ceramics. Pictures and framed mirrors are on the walls; pillows and lace throws

decorate chairs. No showcases or shelves mar the room. It is like walking into someone's private living room where a large and very personal collection of odds and ends are arranged.

Danielle was opened a year ago by two Israelis — Shulamit Vossan and Gila Shapira. "We didn't want a shop to make money but a shop for original gifts and nice things with an antique look," says Shula.

Most of Danielle's customers come in looking for a gift for someone else and end up buying something for themselves. The least expensive items in the store are ceramics around IL20; the most expensive I saw was a crocheted curtain from India at IL800.

The most eye-catching objects are the lampshades, which are designed by Gila and Shula and made by a woman in Tel Aviv.

You could choose one in silk trimmed with lace, paisley-print shades trimmed in velvet or silk ribbon, running from IL300 to IL450, a hand-painted parchment shade at IL485 and one with an interesting copper top, costing IL550.

Among the authentic antiques are European brass and silver-plated trays, about 100 years old, selling for from IL50-100.

Danielle is located around the corner from Bikur Cholim Hospital at 3 Rehov Yeshayahu (phone 232833).

MARCEL COHEN, 27 years old, originally from Morocco and his partner, Ora Herzl, a 26-year old Israeli, opened up Focus at the junction of Rehov Yoel Salomon and Rehov Shammal, behind Zion Square.

The large picture-window of the shop has two rotating wooden slabs, hung from the ceiling, on which clothes are displayed. Marcel's own carpentry skill was responsible for these and all the other woodwork.

The main features of the shop are the jewelry and clothes. The former is made by Marcel, the latter derived from the time when he and Ora were operating in Paris and ate only natural foods. All the motifs for the pure silver jewelry are related to nature.

There are, for example, earrings like date pits (IL180) and a large collection of pendants fashioned like a dry fig (IL215), a pomegranate (IL160) or a pecan nut (IL180). Each is made from one whole piece of silver and is hollow inside, so it is lightweight to wear.

Besides fruits there are also sea shells and all pendants range from IL140-280.

Marcel and Ora were the first to bring their Greek-designed chokers in leather decorated with brass, ceramic and nickel-coated brass beads to Israel, selling at the shop for IL55 with matching bracelets, IL25.

Clothes at Focus are specially designed and hand-made for

them. A flannel skirt with velvet and braid trim is IL325-375; a wool skirt with patchwork design is IL400; long-sleeve blouses (for women) and shirts (for men) in solid colours and pin stripes, some decorated with paisley collars and cuffs, are IL230-250.

Unusual items include lampshades made from hand-spun wool, attractive boards for cheese, bread or meat made by an artist-carpenter from strips of different types of wood (IL125), and perfumes based on oil (musk, violet, lilac, rose, etc.) in small bottles from IL35 to IL44.

"In our shop we feel very good being different and not like others," says Marcel. "Our shop is for the people. We want to give them something for what we receive."

"I like the contacts," adds Ora, "because mostly nice people come here, attracted by the nice things. I would like to see more places like this, where you can buy hand-made things and where the atmosphere is relaxed." □

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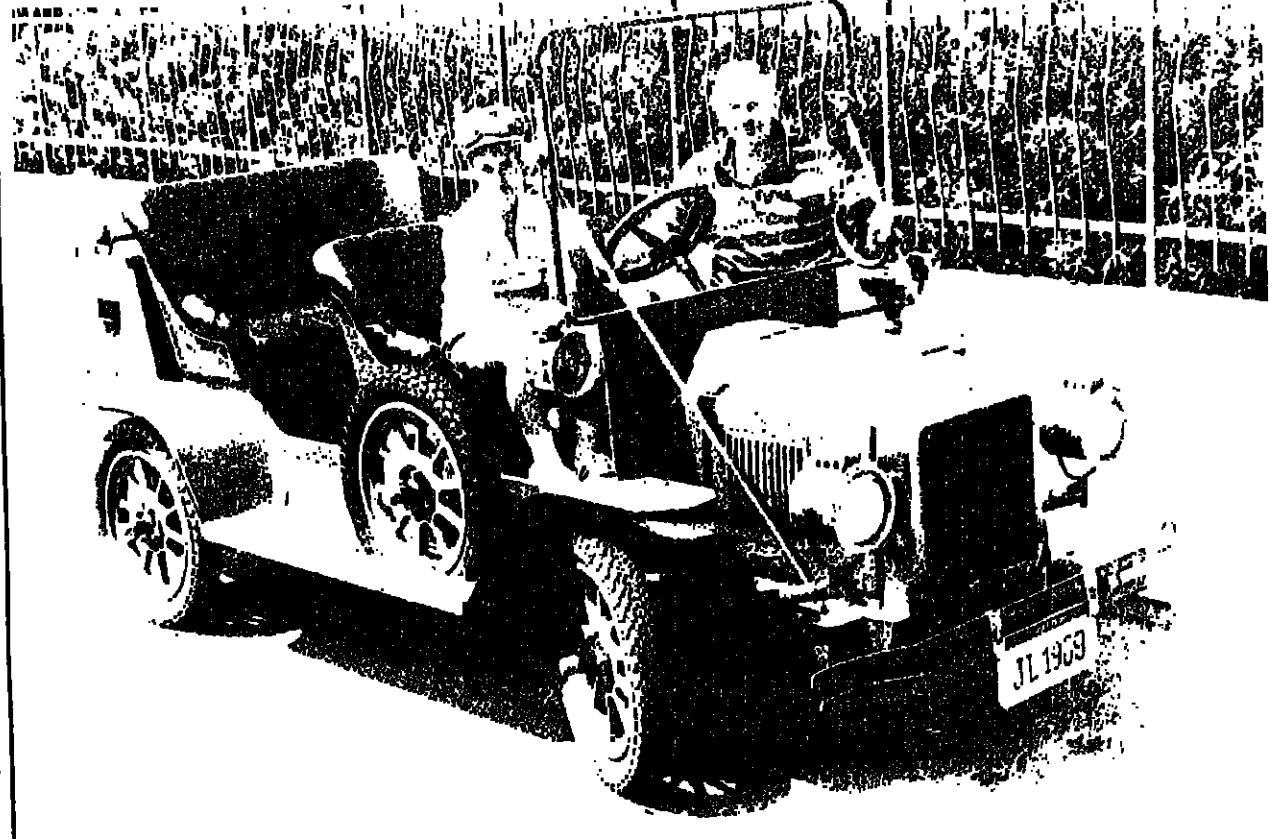


Shown An aerial view of the fortress, photographed by David Rubinger.



OF FRESH CAKES
AND VINTAGE CARS

The latest round of price increases has put more potential car-buyers on the market for used vehicles. But few will go to the extremes reached by baker Mocca Lewin, who built his own car. PAUL KOHN reports.



Joachim Lewin (right) and a young friend, with his Ford Model-T 1909 vintage car.

JOACHIM LEWIN has gone from nuts and bolts to nut cakes. The man known in Herzliya Pituah as "Mocca Lewin," the proprietor of the area's pastry shop, was once the owner of a nut and bolt factory in Chile. His latest concoction, as pretty as a whipped-cream cake, is a gleaming replica of a Ford Model T.

During all his spare time for the last eight months, Lewin collected parts and assembled the 1909 model "from a beautiful picture I spotted in an antique automobile magazine." The red car, shining like a new fire-engine, is just about ready for the traditional London to Brighton veteran race this month (remember Genevieve, with Kay Kendall?).

Lewin made all the body parts and then searched everywhere for spares, so that his car would look as much like the original as possible. It has two upholstered leather seats, a wooden steering wheel, spoke wheels, a wooden box boot for luggage, glittering brass lamps and a 60-year-old brass and rubber squeeze horn with a very lively blast. The car also has a canvas cover over its carriage and carries its battery in a wooden box on the running board. It can tottle along at 60 kph.

Lewin recently took his pride and joy out of his yard for its maiden spin in the lanes of Herzliya Pituah. After about 200 metres of "sheer joy," Lewis learnt about the super-efficiency of the traffic police. A constable spotted the red devil of the roads and signalled it to stop. "Where are your documents?" asked the policeman, as expressionless as the law can be. Alas, the car builder could only show insurance papers, but no "test" documents. "I was giving the car its first

run, so how could I have had it tested before?" Lewin asked. The traffic constable was unimpressed. Nor was he satisfied with simply issuing the ticket. He insisted that the "oldest" car on Israel's roads be hauled to the police station.

"This really upset me," Lewin said. "Standing out in the open, it would lose its sheen and quickly rust." After some days of pleading, Lewin was permitted to have his Model T towed home. It will have its official test soon. Meanwhile, the Israel Museum wants to have the car for its "Exhibit of the Month."

Lewin's motor mania was kindled quite suddenly during a visit to New York 15 years ago. Walking in Fifth Avenue, he passed by a parade of ancient cars. "Overnight, old cars became a craze with me. When I got back to Santiago, I found a few other enthusiasts."

"It's a lovely hobby, interesting for both young and old. Old-timers fondly remember the old cars, and the young are fascinated by them too," Lewin said.

When he arrived in Israel six years ago, Lewin, a mechanical engineer by profession, turned to pastry-making. He expressed his love for vintage cars by decorating his coffee shop with colourful posters and photos of the cars of yesteryear. He read the international literature on old cars until the lucky day he spotted an item in an automobile magazine about an English tourist seeing a 1930 Ford in Jerusalem. The same day Lewin drove to the capital in search of the old car.

Calls at petrol stations led to one where an elderly attendant knew that such a car was driven by a retired municipal gardener named Schreiberman.

Schreiberman did not at first want to sell his car, which he had driven to Cairo and Beirut and whose body had a bullet hole from the fighting for Jerusalem in 1948, when, Schreiberman says, the car saved his life.

But the Ford 1930 was at the end of its days, and Lewin bought it for IL6,000. "People thought I was crazy to pay such a price for a car fit for the junk yard."

It took Lewin a year to turn it from scrap into a Ford Model-A 1930 — a 4,200 cc. four-cylinder car that does five kilometres to the litre.

After establishing himself as an old-car owner here, Lewin found a handful of men with the same hobby, and they organized the "Antique Car Club of Israel" (with Joachim Lewin as president).

"What we have in common is our desire to assemble and conserve old cars," Lewin says. "There are eight vintage cars in the country."

Galician wit

BILLY WILDER IN HOLLYWOOD by Maurice Zolotow New York, G.P. Putnam's Sons, 304 pp. \$10.

Wim van Leer

I USED TO THINK that the cause of Israel's mediocre performance in the arts in general and the cinema in particular was the absence of that environment of hostility which spurs the creative artist to new heights of perfection. Safe at last in our homeland, financed by the IJJA, nursed along by the Absorption Ministry, with handouts from the Prime Minister's Office (Habarnu) and the Commerce Ministry, subsidized in many subtle and not so subtle ways, the Israeli filmmaker need not bother overmuch in order to survive. At best, he has brought mediocrity to an all-time high, and, at worst, produced lulu like *Black Banana*. Where are Israel's Goldwyns, Mayors, Lubitschs, Cohns and Billy Wilders?

The cinema is a collective art, and like any collective enterprise, it needs iron discipline — also known as dedication — from within, or powerful domination from the top, or both. Those engaged in film-making, or thinking of making it their career, should read this biography in order to learn what it takes in training, talent, and obsessive — almost neurotic — dedication to perfection if one is to make one's way in this very competitive field. The rewards are great, and so are the suffering and humiliation.

Billy Wilder was born in 1906 in Galicia and educated in Vienna. He emerges from Mr. Zolotow's maudlin pen as an opportunistic, obsessed craftsman, pathologically cynical, coarsely witty, frankly struggling in that bear-pit which *Ehrengberg* called "The Factory of Dreams" — his chosen environment to which he is ideally suited.

The mid-1920s find him in Berlin as a cub reporter for *Die Stunde*, fascinated by things American — Buffalo Bill (hence the Billy; his real name was Samuel), films and Tin Pan Alley, on whose rhymes his limited English vocabulary was based. He interviewed Paul



Whitehead (The King of Jazz), who was then touring Europe, and sold him two songs he had written: "When the White Lilacs Bloom Again," which our yekke population will instantly recognize, and "Madonna, you are Lovelier than Sunlight," which in the hands of Buddy da Sylva became "When Day is Done."

BETWEEN in the late '20s was a great centre of culture, with 120 newspapers, 45 weekly or monthly magazines, 40 theatres and 300 movie-houses. It attracted talented people from all over Europe, who jockeyed to be in place when opportunity knocked. For Billy it literally knocked on his door when the boyfriend of the landlady's daughter — who was entertaining a "client" — threatened bloody murder, and the client begged for asylum in Billy's room.

Billy recognized the shivering man as none other than Galitzenstein, the president of Maxim films. Once safe, Galitzenstein began to get dressed. "Please, do you have a shoehorn?" he asked. "Not only do I have a shoehorn, Herr Galitzenstein, I also have a script," said Billy, who had some 200 script ideas on paper. "Here, read one of them... now."

Galitzenstein weighed the script in his hand. "It feels like a good story. I'll buy it. Is 500 marks suitable?" Billy Wilder's film career had begun. His first important script was *Menschen am Sonntag* (People on Sunday), a semi-documentary which was shot on a \$1,000 budget and brought names like Robert Siodmak (director), Eugene Shustan (cameraman) and Fred Zinneman (assistant cameraman) to the fore. Four years and 10 scripts later, the housepainter from Braunau arrived in Germany and Wilder left the country for the U.S.

He was soon at work in Hollywood, suffering, like many writers, from "white paper fear." He just could not sit alone in a room with a typewriter and write. He needed a sounding board, preferably another writer. He needed "interaction," which in his case took the form of insults, sulks, screams, and occasional little cuffs (co-writer Charlie

SOME good ideas never saw the light of day. *A Day at the United Nations*, for instance, was to feature the Marx Brothers, but was scrapped when Harpo had a heart attack. And then the faces hit the fan with *Kiss Me Stupid*, which was adapted from an Italian play. The respectable wife of a small-town burgomaster swaps places for one unforgettable night with the town whore, for the benefit of the burgomaster and to the benefit of the ladies. This harmless confection was pounced upon by the critics, who were on a morality binge: "The silliest movie of the year"; "A coarse dissection of double adultery"; "Sleazy." In suicidal despair, Wilder fled to Europe.

In one respect, the critics were right. He had displayed a penchant for the seamier side of life and the seamier side of sex. ("Unless she's a whore, she's a bore.") The critics had temporarily forgotten Goldwyn's dictum that "goodness is not very photogenic." There is nothing wrong with the anti-hero (heroes are seldom seen these days), provided there is an element of compassion in the treatment. And this is invariably lacking in Wilder's films.

For the moment Billy Wilder resides in the doghouse, but, by my reckoning, not for long. Whatever it is he is short on, it's not survival know-how. After all, he was born in Sucha in the province of Galicia.

Mr. Zolotow's book, for all its purple passages and shopworn clichés ("If we must have clichés, let's have new clichés" — S. Goldwyn), gives us the feel of Hollywood, its merciless glitter, its warped values. But, instead of simply admitting that Wilder is at the same time the creator and the product/victim of Hollywood, he is questing for his Corvo, and we are obliged to follow the pack. The search is for Billy Wilder's *Rosebud* and in the last pages we run it to ground. May God forgive him. It's the prostitutes of Vienna's Kaerntnerstrasse, with their high heels, swinging bags and kinky underwear. Those early images of womanhood whose services the adolescent Wilder craved but could not afford.

If it were only that simple. □

Wim van Leer was the co-founder (together with his wife, Lia) of the *Israel Film Archives* and the *Jerusalem Cinematheque*.

Religious parties

TRADITION AND POLITICS: The Religious Parties of Israel by Gary S. Schiff, Detroit, Wayne State University Press, 270 pp. \$14.95.



THIS BOOK is listed as Volume 9 in the Modern Middle East Series of the Middle East Institute at Columbia University. The claims made for it by both the publishers and the Institute are high indeed. "The first analysis of religion and politics in Israel that does not get lost in theological wrangle," according to the director of the Institute. "The first authoritative study of the religious parties of Israel," proclaim the publishers. Yet the work under consideration, though adequate as a guide, has little to distinguish it either as original research or as a source of new perspectives.

The first three chapters are introductory, setting the historical scene, furnishing a brief view of the political set-up and offering a historical introduction to the growth of the main religious parties. These latter the author initially designates as "the parties of participation," including the Mirab and Hapoel Hamizrachi, and "the parties of separation," signifying Agudat Yisrael and Poalei Agudat Yisrael.

However, the drawn-out but highly instructive tale of these two latter parties vacillating between participation and separation, is by no means adequately covered. Two of the most devastating anti-Aguda polemics are not even included in the bibliography, though they were written in English comparatively recently. (I refer to the books written by Domb and Mar-morstein.)

The remaining six chapters deal with the structure of the religious parties, their strength, membership and organization. They also touch upon some of the more controversial issues involved in the relations between these parties and the political system as a whole, and there are separate chapters on education and the who-is-a-Jew debate.

To the author's credit, he also tries to give an idea of the impact of the massive presence of the religious parties in the country's various institutions. This he presents both from the point of view of independent religious thinkers like Professors Urbach and Leibowitz, and from that of secularists like Shulamit Aloni and Uri Avneri.

Here again, however, even more than in his previous chapters, he is weak on primary sources, relying largely on a somewhat haphazard assortment of secondary ones. □

THERE IS something compellingly evocative about Jerusalem that makes many sensitive visitors feel the stirrings of creativity that must find some written expression. If this is true for visitors, it is all the more so for those who live in the city.

It is impossible to encompass all the aspects of Jerusalem in a single book. Most worthy novelists writing about the Jewish people's eternal Capital strive to present a filigree of the physical and the metaphysical. This was so in the stories of the ostensibly Orthodox Agnon and no less so in *A City of Many Days* by the ostensibly agnostic Shulamit Har-Even. In all the literature, beginning with the Bible, Jerusalem's celestial and terrestrial elements are inextricably bound up with each other.

The bent of the writer, the particular dimension of Jerusalem he lives in and believes in, his profession — in the sense of what he professes — these determine which of the aspects that have exercised the imagination of Jews over the centuries will serve as the orientation of his book.

The author of the excellent book under review, Dr. Menashe Har-El, is decidedly a son of Isaac. He has distilled the best of Jacob, a "dweller in the tents of learning," with the best of Esau's traits (mistakenly attributed to Jacob), "the smell of my son is the smell of the field which the Lord had blessed." Har-El is a foot-man par excellence. He is a noted geographer and scholar as well as an outstanding field-man and veteran reconnaissance expert since pre-State Palmah days.

I know of few books about Jerusalem whose authors see the city for what it is yet whose understanding is so deeply informed by what it was; the actual thriving, for-water-city, the actual agricultural hinterland on the verge of a desert, the no less actual god-intoxicated city. Dr. Har-El deals in his work with the contours of the "city that is compact together." Understanding what the city means to him in its holiness and its secularity enables

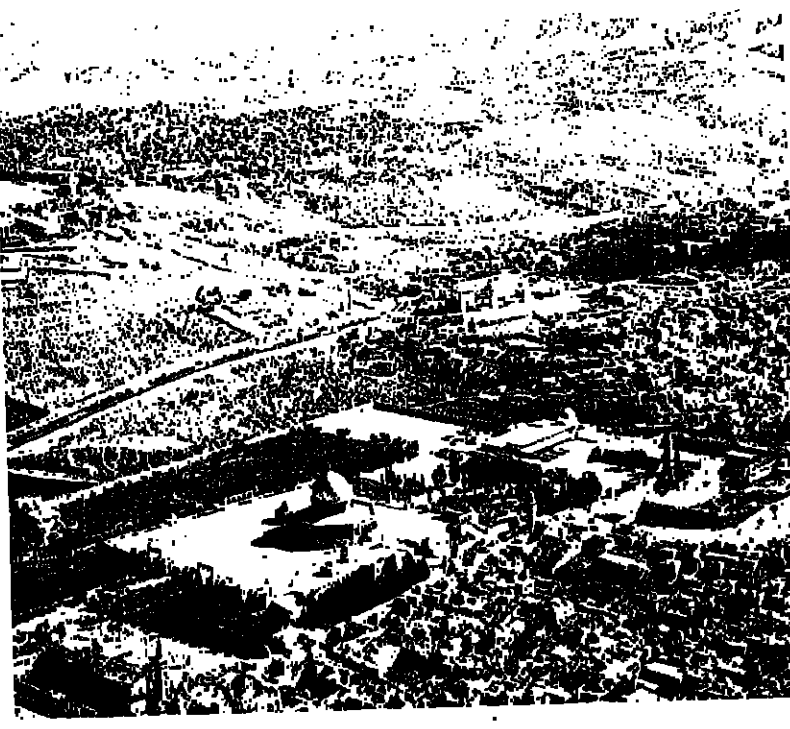
THE EMERGENCE and growth of a distinctive nationalist ideology among the Turks in the 19th century is a phenomenon which continues to puzzle students of history. For centuries past, the Turks were imperial rulers, loyal primarily to Islam and to the Ottoman dynasty and state, and as late as the beginning of this century a Moslem Turk would have been offended had he been called "a Turk," insisting he was "an Osmanli."

The change from a multi-ethnic, multi-national imperial stance to a national one was slow, to be sure. The main factor in the development of a separate Turkish (or the Turkist) consciousness came somewhere in the middle of a vicious circle. Growing dissatisfaction and revolt among the various ethnic and national groups within the Ottoman Empire, which began with the Bulgarians and the Serbs in the late 1870's and gradually spread to provinces lying in the very heart of the Empire — Greeks, Macedonians, Armenians, Arabs and Kurds — emphasized the unique and somewhat anomalous position of the Turks as the only loyal element in the Empire.

The blow must have been especially severe when Moslem groups too, in what was a Moslem commonwealth, began to show signs of ethnic and national consciousness.

The chief merit of David

Tent and field



THIS IS JERUSALEM, by Menashe Har-El, Jerusalem, Canaan Publishing House, 350 pp. IL145.

Amnon Hadary

him to understand and transmit to his readers the peculiarity of its holiness to Christianity and Islam. One is reminded of Yehuda Amichai's symbiosis of Upper and Lower Jerusalem: "The city plays hide-and-seek between names/ Jerusalem, El-Kuds, Shalem, Jeru, Yeru, whispering: Y'vus, Y'vus, in darkness./ Weep with longing; Aelia Capitolina, ing with longing; Aelia Capitolina, Aelia, Aelia./ She comes to all who call her/ at night alone. But we know/ who comes to whom./ I and Jerusalem like blindman and cripple./ She sees for me/ until the Dead Sea, until the end of days./ As I hoist her on my shoulders/ and walk blind in my darkness beneath."

I thought of the poem as I read one of the most dramatic portions of *This Is Jerusalem*, in which Dr. Har-El describes the hilltop-to-hilltop beacon signalling in Second Temple times. This was to indicate the hallowing of each new month from Jerusalem to the Jews in Babylonia. Dr. Har-El asks: "Which was the Mount of Olives, where the flare signal began? Most scholars identify it with *Batein el-Hawa*; this seems rather unlikely, however, as this low hill, today the site of a monastery named after Father Abraham and surrounded by pine groves, does not afford a view of Mount Sarta (Alexandria) in the central Jordan Valley opposite the Dama Bridge." Suddenly one sees the "blind" Menashe Har-El holding the "crippled" Mishna onto his shoulders to see: Benvenisti's *The Town City*, Sarah Fox's *Footloose in Jerusalem*, and Yehuda Haetzrah's *The Jerusalem I Have Chosen*. □

Jerusalem, he also indicates that the how and the why of Zion are inextricably bound together today as they were 3,000 years ago.

The many plates and illustrations of this handsome book are the loving work of Rehavam ("Gandhi") Zeevi, as are its design and layout.

How the editors could have failed to include an index and an annotated bibliography, which appear in the Hebrew version, is beyond me. It is perhaps the book's most serious fault.

The nine chapters of Menashe Har-El's book come as close to the claim of his title, *This is Jerusalem*, as one could wish for. It is a book that belongs on one's bookshelf along with Meron Benvenisti's *The Town City*, Sarah Fox's *Footloose in Jerusalem*, and Yehuda Haetzrah's *The Jerusalem I Have Chosen*. □

Hauran to Beth Baitin." (Rosh Hashana 11,4.)

IN OTHER chapters Dr. Har-El shows how agro-technical and hydrological engineering feats made it possible for the Jews to make Jerusalem one of the truly large cities of the region. He does this in a chapter explicating the ingenuity of terrace agriculture. "We know now that the Israelites were the first to develop mountain agriculture. Investigation has revealed that approximately 80 per cent of the Judean Mountain terraces were artificially built, the highest percentage in any Mediterranean country."

A crucial chapter deals with the awe-inspiring efforts to bring water to Jerusalem. How does one provide water for a population of close to 300,000 in an arid zone possessing only one steady spring, the Gihon? To answer this question is to report verbatim on practically the whole of Har-El's work. This, because the subject of pools, aqueducts, tunnels, rivulets and the like keeps recurring in the book. So much so that one understands that Menashe Har-El, the desert scout, has through his researches restored the direct line with the Israelites of old.

In his chapters on modern Jerusalem, he also indicates that the how and the why of Zion are inextricably bound together today as they were 3,000 years ago.

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Indeed, Abdulhamid's reign culminated with the revolt of the Young Turks in 1908, which set the stage for the final "transformation" of Turkey into a modern, secularized "Turkish" state.

KUSHNER'S *The Rise of Turkish Nationalism* is a work of history as well as a survey of the growth of an ideology. It is a model of its kind — well-researched, readable and quite unhampered by the heaviness usually associated with scholarly enterprises of such dimensions. I find especially apt and helpful the chapter on terminology. Here, among other terms, the Turkish equivalent of the Western concept of "nation" is traced to at least four Arabic and Turkish terms, of which none ultimately imparts the same meaning or associations. These are *kavim*, derived from the Arabic *qawm* and meaning merely "people"; *milla* derived from the Arabic *milla* and meaning "religious community"; *chts*, from the Arabic *chts* and signifying "race" or "kind"; and *irak*, derived from the Arabic *irq* and meaning "race." It is interesting that the only Turkish term which comes near to the West European concept of "nation" — the liberal concept of the Arabic word *umma* — did not gain currency either in Turkey or the Arab world. The reason, obviously, is that it lays no stress on race, ethnicity, language or religion. □

It was at this juncture that Sultan Abdulhamid II ascended the throne — and he, in reaction to aggressive Christian demands and the growing danger from Europe, sought to capitalize on the prevailing religious sentiment and to introduce the doctrine which came to be known as Islamism. This policy, which laid new emphasis on the Islamic character of the state and strengthened the institution of the Caliphate, was bound to fail, and at the same time hastened rather than checked the growth of a distinctive Turkish nationalism.

Swedish lyre

AFTONLAND, EVENING LAND by Par Lagerkvist. Translated by W.H. Auden and Liff Sjoberg. London, Souvenir Press (Educational and Academic) Ltd. 193 pp. £3.50.

THE TERRIBLE RAIN; The War Poets 1939-1945: An Anthology Selected and Arranged by Brian Gardner. London, Methuen Paperbacks Ltd. 227 pp. 35p.

Evelyn Strouse

RARELY DOES a collection of poems in translation produce a fresh audience for the poet unless he lays classic claim upon us, like Homer or Virgil or Dante, or speaks lyrically, passionately, provocatively, like Rilke or Lorca or Baudelaire. All these, and two score or so others, were stored and sung before they were translated; our ears were ready

homogeny must tire it as well. When more than 60 poems are devoted to a single idea, enormous verbal virtuosity and imagery are needed to avoid sermonizing.

Each of the book's five sections is concerned with God and His works, whether directly God-achieved or obliquely through man. Each section at the same time denies and affirms, asks who in fact is the maker and, if man, who and where he is. Section I is about death and finality; the words "forgetting" and "remembering" or metaphors of them appear in every poem. Section II deals with disappearance — of people, landscapes, buildings; the key words are "loneliness" and "emptiness," the key idea is desertion. Section III, about nothingness, refers continually to "the Void." Section IV touches upon You and I; these are the operative words. And finally, Section V directly tackles the question of God's existence; and is for me the most thought-provoking, wrestling as it does with the notion that whether or not He exists is beside the point.

TO EXEMPLIFY, I need only quote the opening lines of three poems from this section: "The god who does not exist...unkindness my soul"; "It is not god who loves us, it is we who love him"; "If you believe in god and no god exists... There is a ghastly monotony about all this that wears you of the subject, however soul- or earth-shaking. It is theology postized, a kind of bleak dance around an altar only putatively holy. Lagerkvist carried this off superbly in *Barabba* and *The Death of Ahabuerus*, but the novel is comfortable with minutiae and dialectic and debate; a poem, it seems to me, is not."

This is not to say that the poems are without poignancy; that there are no lines to take away and treasure:

"Like the clouds/like a butterfly/like the light breathing on a mirror —/Accidental/transitory/gone in a short while./Lord, over all the heavens, all worlds, all fates/what have you meant by me?"

Given the stature of Lagerkvist

and his translator, it is perhaps best to let them have the last word.

THE ANTHOLOGIST of this newest volume of war poetry, on the other hand, shall be given the only word. He writes his book's obituary in what is called an introductory note: "Many types of poem are here, but all are chosen because they seem to express genuine and relevant attitudes to the war...This, I hope, has excused me from a too-slavish respect for reputations, and allowed the inclusion...of some poetry of lesser quality..."

The last of our words tell the tale. Out of the 119 poems here immortalized, it would be surprising if not one had written a memorable line or even a satisfying stanza. But Mr. Gardner has been almost unerring in his choice. He mentions, as if to emphasize this fact, that Roy Fuller refused to be anthologized here, on the grounds that the poems selected were not representative of his best. That seems a valid enough critique. □

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Solid and unreal

THE WALNUT DOOR by John Hersey. New York, Knopf, 238 pp., \$15.95

THE ICE AGE by Margaret Drabble. London, Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 207 pp., £4.25

Matthew Nesvicky

IN THEIR latest books, John Hersey and Margaret Drabble, one American, the other English, invent fictions that document the truth of the seventies. Hersey, of course, is a veteran novelist (*A Bell for Adam* was published in 1944, when Drabble was just six); but he shares with Drabble a comradely concern for the state of their respective homefronts as bastions of Western values. From his perch as a Yale professor, Hersey watched and recorded the sixties with an alarmed and caring eye in novels like *The Child Buyer* and *Too Far to Walk*, and non-fictional such as *Report to the Atom* and *The Algiers Motel Incident*. Now, in *The Walnut Door*, he takes on the present decade through the classic medium of the microcosm: two people — two American leftovers from the sizzling sixties.

Maceboy is a drop-out from all he dropped out of before — from the radical Reed College, SDS, the Movement, the communes, the group-grotes, the drug scene, all that. In a fictional turnabout which is vastly more plausible than Rennie Davis hustling John Hancock life insurance, Maceboy has become a carpenter and locksmith. Instead of saving the world, he concentrates his considerable energies on producing decent and honourable handiwork. A solid walnut Maceboy door with a worthwhile security lock may just well save a human life — especially since the once placid community of New Haven, Connecticut, has turned into a domestic combat zone of thieves, burglars, Mafia and junkies.

It is just such security that Elaine Quinlan needs. A lapsed, or even collapsed, Catholic, Elaine has been through it all: the civil rights struggle, the ecology bit, the food fads, the felicitously euphemistic "living together," the abortion, the pre-marital bust-up. Now, like the Damoclean rolling stone that always hung over her generation, she is on her own. Aloha, now to New Haven (was the name always ironic?), she's willing to take any job or none, to try anything or nothing in life.

SHE SIMPLY NEEDS some security to keep out of the world, and Maceboy provides it with his magnificent door. Trouble is, the door comes complete with Maceboy. His craftsmanship exhibits sober Old World values and qualities, but he himself is confused, malleable, at loose ends.

No, these two do not hit it off right away. In fact, they hit out at each other as much as anything else. They are both terribly scarred from the sixties and terribly scared of the seventies; they need and complement each other, but they find it hard to believe any longer in such an intangible as love.

They are also haunted by memories of their parents, fearing to repeat their mistakes, but almost wishing they could give themselves up to the burden of their inheritances. They can believe more readily in a fine walnut door, but this seems an anachronistic value, considering

everything that America is marshalling against them. And it's not just the murders and the rapes taking place down the block. Here's Maceboy as he searches a builder's supply warehouse for his materials: "The display room through which they walk rouses in Maceboy an abstracted rage. Oystershell plastic toilet seats, towel racks of metal about the same gauge as Reynolds Wrap, imitation ship's lanterns, stagecoach weather vane, knotty-pine plywood with fake worm-holes, aluminum screen doors with openwork hearts and porpoises. He wonders: Is the flow reversible? No matter. He is soon outside in the metal-roofed lumber sheds where he can smell cured sap and believe that he feels the warmth of decades of sunlight stored in the long fibers of tree trunks. And then his hand lies flat on a twelve-inch-wide plank of solid walnut. 'Unreal!' he says."

There's the irony: that an honest piece of wood amid all that plastic rubble seems unreal. Hersey is saying that there is a desperately urgent need to discover the real America, he suggests, both in her established and her counter-cultural forms, has had her opportunity to play about with skewed realities. But



Novelist Margaret Drabble.

after the Vietnam War, and the protests, the flower-powered drug culture and Watergate, only the walnut door remains.

Maceboy and Elaine have taken all the other trips; now they have to see the falsity in what they revolted against and in their modes of revolution. If they don't, they just won't survive. All that super-enriched American white bread and super-charged Far Eastern philosophy has left them in a delicate state.

Hersey, looking at his characters with a love and understanding which they do not yet have for themselves, wishes them health and hang-on fortitude — before the ugliness overwhelms them.

THE UGLINESS is blighting Britain as well, and aside from possible salvation in the unlikely shape of North Sea sludge, Margaret Drabble's characters in her eighth novel are living in a period without hope. Oh, Britain will recover, she asserts; nations are pretty hardy plants. But a lot of the commoners who make up the Commonwealth may become just so much national mulch in the pogoons.

Kitty loses a husband and a foot to an IRA terrorist's bomb, Len's in prison for financial manipulating, Allison's lost her career and her pride to the

demands of her two children (one a sordid flower child and the other retarded), Tim's a failed actor whose fantasies outstrip anything he's called upon to enact on stage. Linton's an embittered classicist, Clegg of the Foreign Office has lost his wife because she couldn't live with a closet queen, Babs just keeps having babies, and Maureen makes money, though she still loves cheese on toast best.

The common glue for all these characters and many more is Anthony Keating. Keating was a Bright Boy at university, went down to London and up the ladder at the BBC and ITV, met all the flash people, got bored and felt "underemployed," then started to smell the heady aroma of money — this in the sixties, when there was so much of it to be had, and when the pound was still 16 ounces. So Anthony became a real-estate speculator — a builder of shopping centres and high-rises, concrete monuments as grand as they were insidious.

Then it all went bust, and in the present decade Anthony finds himself, at 38, with a heart condition, a shattered family, stupendous debts, a cheerless country home, squatters doing God knows what in the London house he can't get rid of, and a frighteningly empty future before him.

Drabble spins out this tale of real estate and redemption with the kind of wry melodrama so often found in Victorian novels dealing with precisely the same concerns. And she tells it with a good deal of vigour and invention (although she can be appallingly careless in her language. What in the world, for example, is skin that is at once "dark and pale?" And how is a frozen chicken "dethawed under a hot tap"?). Equally Victorian — and valuable — are the set-piece state-of-the-nation digressions that she inserts in the narrative. A snippet:

"...A huge icy flat, with large cold fingers, was squeezing and chilling the people of Britain, that great and pulsant nation, slowing down their blood, locking them into immobility, fixing them in a solid stasis, like fish in a frozen river: there they all were in their large houses and their small houses, with their first mortgages and second mortgages, in their rented flats and council flats and basement bedsits and their caravans: stuck, congealed, amongst possessions, in attitudes, in achievements they had hoped next month to shed, and with which they were now condemned to live. The flow had ceased to flow: the ball had stopped rolling: the game of musical chairs was over. *Rien ne va plus*, the croupier had shouted."

This passage, even with its redundancies and occasional lapses of grace, says well what is on the minds of Drabble's countrymen, and her advice to them is, "You'd better be better than these characters of mine."

"Whatever was England going to do?" asks one of her central figures. "England, sliding, sinking, shabby, dirty, lazy, inefficient, dangerous, in its death throes, worn out, clapped out, occasionally lashing out." Yes, but everyone knows England will muddle through.

But although muddling may make for collective survival, for many individuals it may not be good enough. Anthony, Allison and the others in the grip of *The Ice Age* have only the vaguest grasp on their values, much less on reality. It's going to take more than traditional British grit, Drabble indicates, to save the soul of the threadbare British body. □



Hilde Krahel and Alex von Ambesser in 'Meeting in Autumn'.

If only Vienna would

THE INDEFATIGABLE W. H. Robert has imported a small Viennese company which performs in a comedy entitled *Begegnung im Herbst* ("Meeting in Autumn") by Axel von Ambesser, who also directed the play and appears as the male lead.

The autumn of the title is used in a metaphorical sense which should appeal to the Israeli audience for German-speaking plays. A middle-aged lady accidentally meets her former lover, and the two make an unsuccessful stab at picking up where they left off some 20 or 30 years ago.

Ferry, the once lively, carefree student, is now earning his living as a travel companion to wealthy ageing ladies, using for the purpose a phoney baronial title, while Andra, once a refugee from the Nazis, is now married to a wealthy American businessman who neglects her in favour of other women.

The meeting is inconsequential, and so is the play, a watered-down poor relation to the sophisticated *fin de siècle* comedies that were a Viennese speciality. It is shallow and painfully old-fashioned, and it consists mainly of dialogue between the two former lovers, a humorous remark masquerading as wit occasionally dispelling the boredom.

THE COMEDY could have been made tolerable by stylish, elegant staging and virtuoso acting, which is emphatically not present here. The Odel Shem stage and the costumes are embarrassingly drab, and the acting does little to enhance the text.

Herr von Ambesser, who might have been suitable for the part of the debonair, middle-aged professional lover some 20 years ago, is painful to watch as he totters around the stage; and he is

THEATRE Mendel Kohansky

no match for Hilde Krahel, who brings considerable charm and professional aplomb to her part. Her husband is played by Friedrich Schoenfelder, a fine figure of a man with a splendid head of silver hair. In the role of Fraulein Hirsch, a clerk in a travel bureau, is a hefty young lady whose sole qualification for the stage seems to be her name, Gwendolyn von Ambesser. *Protektzia, protektzia* everywhere!

THIS IS Vienna week. The action of *Bluff*, now being shown at the Bel-Hoven, a café theatre in Tel Aviv's Pizza Row, takes place in the Austrian capital. The play, if this is the word, was written by A. Schreiber (Hatouli), and directed by Ken Globus. Nahum Shalit is the one-man cast.

The year is 1995. We are in a nightclub called Wiener Schmalz. The hero, a minor Israeli actor, has left Israel, like hundreds of thousands of others, because the state has gone bankrupt. Everybody is unemployed; there are riots in the streets, the kibbutzim and moshavim which still have enough to feed their members have closed the gates and posted guards to keep out starving outsiders. On top of all this, the Government is demanding \$5,000 from each citizen — his share in the national debt. (The show opened before the New Economic Policy went into effect, so no one can interpret this as a Bolshevik attack on Mr. Ehrlich et al.)

Nahum Shalit (he uses his real name in the play) is now eking out a living in a nightclub, accom-

panied at the piano by his girlfriend (Rachel Gilboa), who does a bit of whoring on the side. He makes ends meet by additional work as a garbage collector and on Sundays sells hot *wurstchen* at football games. All this under harassment by the police, who are after him as an illegal immigrant.

ATTIRED and made up to look like Joel Gray in *Cabaret*, Shalit goes through the routine of a nightclub comedian, singing and dancing and whirling his cane and chatting with the audience, all of whom are taken into the act, since the show creates the fiction that the spectators are all *yordim* like himself. (On the evening I was there, the audience, myself excepted, consisted entirely of army officers having a night out after concluding a 45-day training course.)

While the first part of the show has the appearance of a sick joke, in the second part, the hero, whose best friend has meanwhile been shot by the police for entering Austria illegally, grows maudlin and tells everybody how he misses his country, how he longs for his little flat in Tel Aviv, with the 24-hour-a-day traffic noise and garbage in the street. Sick with the bottle, he ends up — you won't believe it! — by singing *Hatkvu*.

Appearing in a one-man show is a cruel test for any actor, here made even more so because there is no division between stage and audience, so that the spectators can see how terribly hard the performer is labouring to entertain very well; neither text nor performance are strong enough to hold an audience. It was sad to see how attention flagged after a few minutes of initial interest, only to be revived very occasionally when a remark hit home. □



YOUR FRIENDS

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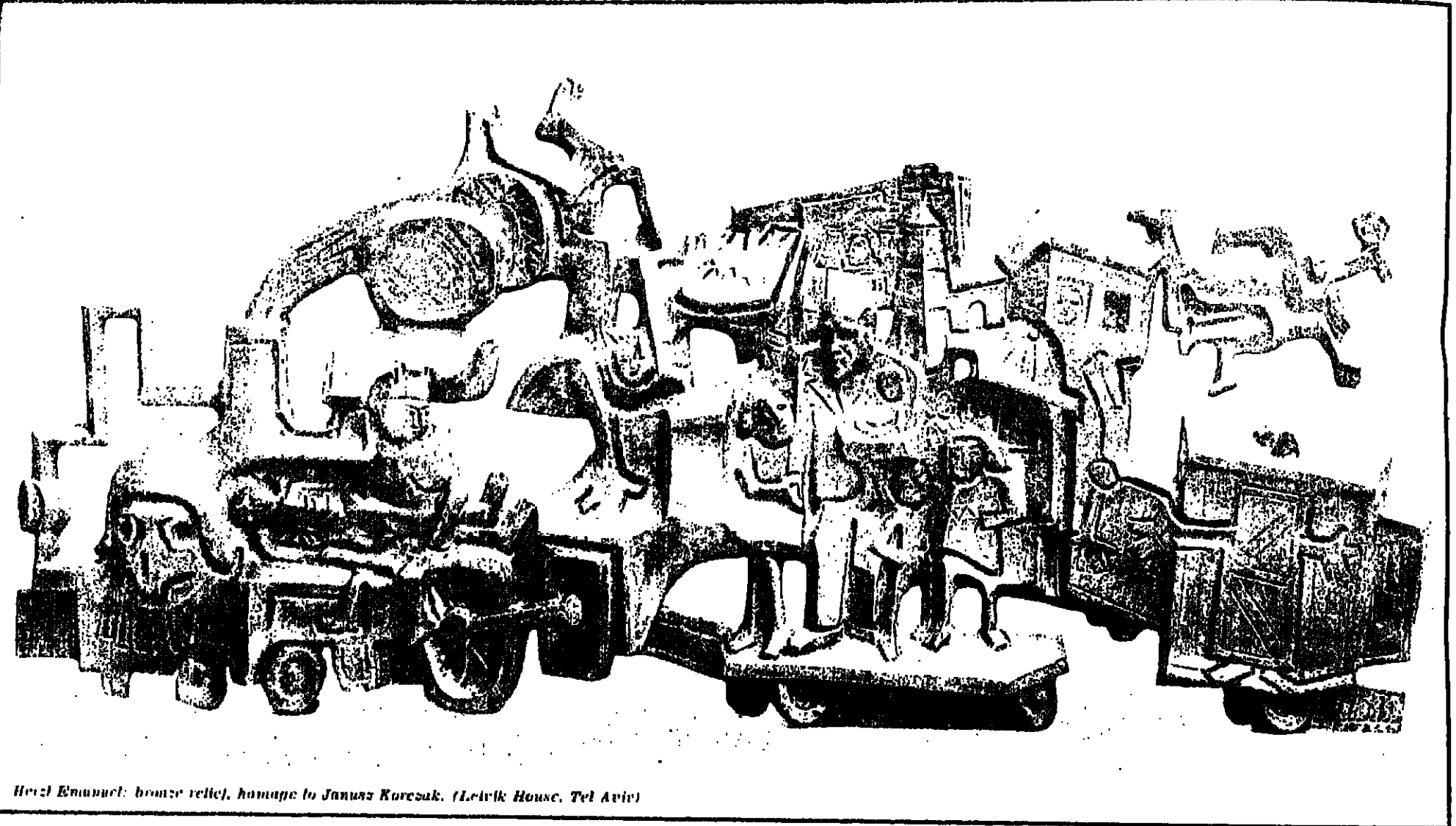
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הגזן האל

Figurative bronze from an American in Rome



Herzl Emanuel: bronze relief, homage to Janusz Korczak. (Leivik House, Tel Aviv)

WHEN sculptor HERZL EMANUEL left New York City to resettle in Rome 15 years ago, he took with him a solid foundation of academic techniques and a deep feeling for humanity rather than the overpowering, contemporary ideals of abstract expressionism and reductionist art.

Although Emanuel was a founding member of the American Abstract Artists his formal direction has never been non-objective. Because his themes are concentrated within the limited sphere of intense human experience, he has maintained the figurative solution as the most satisfactory pictorial language to express his social conscience.

Large corpulent hands and gross, oversized feet not as ballast for Emanuel's distorted persons. Punched, pinched and knifed into existence those standing bronze figures are very sculptural and planular. They possess a distinctive contoured definition from which appendages are flanged out into space or planted lightly seeking out real anatomical patterns to parallel the movement of pure mass and form.

But within the context of Emanuel's professionalism and total confidence I found the major part of his work conservative, staged and in many respects rather like caricatures. His honest desire to expound upon the noble ideas of love, death, anguish and joy carries with it an overdose of unpretentious images. Many obvious themes, like the Crucifixion, Mother and Child and Homage to Janusz Korczak (see photo) are sculpturally understated and passionless. His descriptions of these highly emotional scenes, despite their plastic articulation, become neutralized by a detailing that borders on the prosaic.

In trying to assess the genesis of Emanuel's creativity I found myself referring to his work in

terms of other sculptors. Emanuel's individualism is a composite, an organization of others. His use of reversible weights and exaggerated physical features are undoubtedly derived from Giacometti and Rodin respectively, with a smack of Daumier and Degas adding dimension to surface handling and gestural contortions.

In addition to the sculptures, Emanuel shows drawings, many of which appear to be studies for his three-dimensional effort. (Leivik House Gallery, 30 Dov Hos, Tel Aviv, till end Nov.)

AS A charter member of the Vienna School of Fantastic Realism, PETER PROKSCH adheres strictly to its canons, never altering his tightly rendered realistic style of painting nor moving away from allegorical content.

Showing here for the third time in eight years, Proksch's canvases, as previously, are masterpieces of the egg tempera and oil technique. Tiny crowded brushmarks form finite details on every object and shadow in the picture, calibrating the textures of people, animals, architectural materials and natural environment. This technique lends to a stiff, unbending array of images arranged within compositional studies that are rigid and uncompromising. The spotator is presented with harsh facts, and even compensating for various romantic overtones, the pictures are a take-it or leave-it affair.

Moreover Proksch's use of chromatic and objective symbolism is so obviously stated that one has little opportunity to react emotionally or make personal assessments of what he sees.

One must admire the artist's facility and respect his devotion to

Haifa art notes

Ephraim Harris

DAVID HOCKNEY, Aquatints inspired by Wallace Stevens' poem *The Man with the Blue Guitar*, inspired in its turn by Picasso's 1908 *The Old Guitarist* of which an exact reproduction forms the first etching. Hockney has not sought to treat the poem literally (except when Stevens, looking in the mirror, sees himself as a monster) but rather to visualise the author's intentions, borrowing colours and images at random. The prints are therefore best considered as independent of the text.

Allusions to Picasso are frequent; among the easily identifiable, *Parade* refers to Picasso's decor for that Diaghileff ballet, and the bars of music at the foot may be from Satie's score; the man in blue and the spirit of *Figures with Still Life* are weakened versions of the Blue Period; and Picasso's head fashioned from a cube shaped box, represents a familiar style. (Goldman's Gallery, Haifa).

E. I. BITCHKOFF A capable, natural and unaffected primitive in landscapes and, in the better items, still life. Some work reveals close observation — the perspective and long shadow of *Armenian Quarter, Jerusalem*, shadows less obtrusively used in *Pomegranates and Roses*, and the unannounced of *A Look at the Sea*. The pencil drawings are more sketch-like drawings become comprehensive particularly in a few strangely expressive faces, and the emphasised V-mouth and eyes of No. 1. The same sparse style of drawing is employed in the landscapes; *Jerusalem* and

BOYS, GIRLS AND LONELINESS

"FLITTING from girl to girl" — and the implications of the action were clear — "is like eating peanuts. You can't stop with one."

This was one of the views expressed by a man (boy) on a recent radio programme, Etti Pollak's *Butterflies in the Stomach*, a collection of anonymous snippets dealing with the Israeli courtship scene.

Another boy described the whole business as a flurry of popping into bed as quickly as possible, "usually after the early movie." And a worldly male described his technique as "absolute *hutzpa*." What he does is put ads in the paper asking for women willing to spend the weekend with him. Replies come in from all parts of the country.

"Imagine," he said, in gratified amazement, "they're willing to take quite a risk, slight unseen. Of course, I'm taking something of a risk too. For the whole weekend..."

Some of the males were dubious about this situation, which seems at first blush like a masculine paradise, especially when you throw in the reserve-duty syndrome. One boy thought it must have been more fun once upon a time, "when you had to invest in all those flowers and dinners and conversations before you got to the point" — or to marriage.

This, not surprisingly, is what bothered most of the females. If they held out for too much "courtship," it will be a tiresome waste of time for the boy, who will quickly look for a less demanding target.

Only a small minority of the women had no complaints. One even sounded pleased with herself, in a rather terrifying way, and announced that she judged men "purely on their technique" and "could not be troubled to be a teacher." Well, well.

One big segment was clearly missing — the religious sector where, as we know, traditional behaviour prevails. But from what decade of which century? And from which country, and to what extent? Is it all clear sailing there, or are the problems just of a different order?

Among the happy secularists, it has been apparent for some time that many of the "nicest" girls from the "best" families openly set up house with their boy friends as a matter of course, either one-to-one, or two girls and two boys, in a flat, or some such combination. If all goes well, they eventually get married. If not, on to the next housekeeping arrangement.



shortage of boys, only a shortage of worthwhile girls."

In the same mail, nearly two months after the original article, came a letter from a woman in her early 30s "who went abroad just to avoid the holidays here — and met another girl on the plane, in the same boat."

And why, really, should only boys be exposed to combat in the army while girl soldiers are protected from physical annihilation? "Your suggestion sounded sarcastic, but in fact what is the point of decreasing the ranks of young men, thus dooming the women left alive to years alone?"

ONCE UPON A TIME here, immigration was largely of young men; there were the youth movements and the Hagana and the Palmah, and the illegal movements for that matter, and small, friendly neighbourhoods. Perhaps, too, fewer girls had marriage as their sole and overwhelming ambition; in this we lag behind the development of much of the rest of the world. And, as the years dragged on, not quite so many girls attributed to the married state an aura of paradise as unattainable as the cure for the common cold.

Even today, though — and even for new immigrants — there seems to be a bewildering choice of "frameworks" for meeting people. Provided a lonely heart has the energy, or is sufficiently driven by despair, there are cultural groups, political groups, volunteer organizations, the Civil Guard, the Nature Protection Society; the list is endless.

At any rate, it does not seem too hard to meet the wrong person, or the unavailable one. But then, the human condition being what it is, because we now have television and cassettes, that everybody is going to pair off neatly and live happily ever after? Literature everywhere has always dealt with exactly the contrary.

bliss, then why are so many people of all ages and both sexes so far from satisfied?

(I am carefully avoiding the word "happy," since the pursuit of happiness is guaranteed only by the American constitution.)

Something, somewhere, has gone wrong, though perhaps it is just the inevitable social price paid by individuals for the Pill, the big city, economic growth, and war. At any event, the media have been full lately of reports from that other battlefield, the one in the war between men and women; the correspondents all seem to be women, which is not surprising, since women are so often the major casualties.

A few years ago the radio ran a series on "Loneliness," and a morning paper looked into the demographic problem of the surplus of women over men.

AN UNPRECEDENTED deluge of readers' letters — something like 250 — followed the publication, in *Ma'ariv* of Ophra Alyagon's treatment of women alone during the Holidays.

On the Rosh Hashana weekend, from Metulla to Eilat they were discussing the scene of the seven women pictured by Ophra Alyagon — six of them unmarried, including widows from all our wars, plus a "private" widow, and a young unmarried social worker. The only man in the gathering was the one in the photograph of Ophra Alyagon's deceased husband. (Jerusalem will be ruined and desolate, Isaiah prophesied, and her men shall fall by the sword in war, when "seven women shall take hold of one man...") In this holiday parable, the one man was in a frame, on the wall.)

Naturally, the various women's various married boy-friends — lovers is the more literary term — turned up in the conversation, and

Helga Dudman

on this not unusual situation, the most authoritative of the war widows issued a clarion call.

"It is women like you who are keeping all the boring, routine marriages intact. It is you who are maintaining the sanctified status of the wives because if it weren't for you, their husbands would long ago have left them and society would long ago have been forced to find some different solution to the 'unit family.'"

The seven women were seen as the cream of the lonely crop. They have money, education, a place in society, even such marvellous things as cars. Which may be part of their plight, making them independent, fussy, snooty. Besides, men quite often like "poor, miserable creatures."

"If I were married, I would open a marriage bureau. But on a national, governmental basis," never had a response like this. It was now up to the writers themselves, she said, to think out the needed "bridge" to join them.

And not all men are in such great shape. More than one observed that it is possible to be very much "alone" in the company of others. And single men, one wrote, are in a way even worse off than women: they feel compelled to maintain an adventurously virile image, "and will tell you great stories about themselves — but behind those stories there is nothing but emptiness." And when it comes to Holidays, complained another man, men without families are even more pitiable than women, since they can't even occupy themselves with the busy work of preparing complicated meals. A young man of 28 pointed out he is quite often "at a party with some boring girl. I don't think there is a

letter writers were women, a great many of them in their 20s and early 30s. Almost without exception, they were emotionally grateful for the article, and its implication that "something must be done." One young woman wrote that "bringing the lonely together... was a crucial national need, second only to defence."

Something along these lines was stressed by a (male) professor; and a 27-year-old man wrote, with thanks, that "now he no longer needs to feel so guilty about being concerned with personal problems when bombs are falling in the north. For we have built the nation at so much cost — but what, after all, is a nation but the individuals who make it up?"

Only a tiny fraction of these letters were published in a second instalment; Ophra Alyagon made it clear that in 25 years of journalism, on topics such as settlement, immigration, economics, Arabs, war and peace, she had never had a response like this. It was now up to the writers themselves, she said, to think out the needed "bridge" to join them.

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مكتبة من الأصل

THERE ARE two nice things about having a touch of the flu. One is the chance to lie in bed and read, without feeling guilty. The other is the rare opportunity, once you feel well enough to get out of bed but not daring to go back to work, to dabble around the house. Another fringe benefit: I missed the influenza injection session my office had so kindly arranged for employees.

While in bed, I devoured *Diet for a Small Planet* by Frances Moore Lappé, an American paperback about high-protein meatless cooking which I picked up last summer. And when my energy returned, I tried some of the recipes. My somewhat-dubious family got a gala meal of a bean-and-brown rice stew plus peanut and soya in hamburgers. Admittedly, this was overdoing it — two main dishes in one meal. But I was experimenting and had to offer some choice.

Diet for a Small Planet is not a new book. It came out in 1971 and was revised in 1975. I've just read a companion book, *Recipes for a Small Planet*, by Ellen Ewald, a friend of the first author. Both books are available in Israel. Last week, Stelmatsky's was still selling them at the "old price" of IL1.50, but expected a dramatic rise any day. Even at twice the price, one of these books would cost the same as a kilo of fresh beef.

What I enjoyed most in Mrs. Lappé's book were her reasons for choosing vegetarianism. She does not preach that slaughtering animals is cruel, nor does she suggest that meat-eating is necessarily unhealthy (although she says Americans eat too much of it). She admits that meat protein contains all the eight essential amino acids our bodies need to build body protein, whereas plant protein has a more limited amino acid composition.

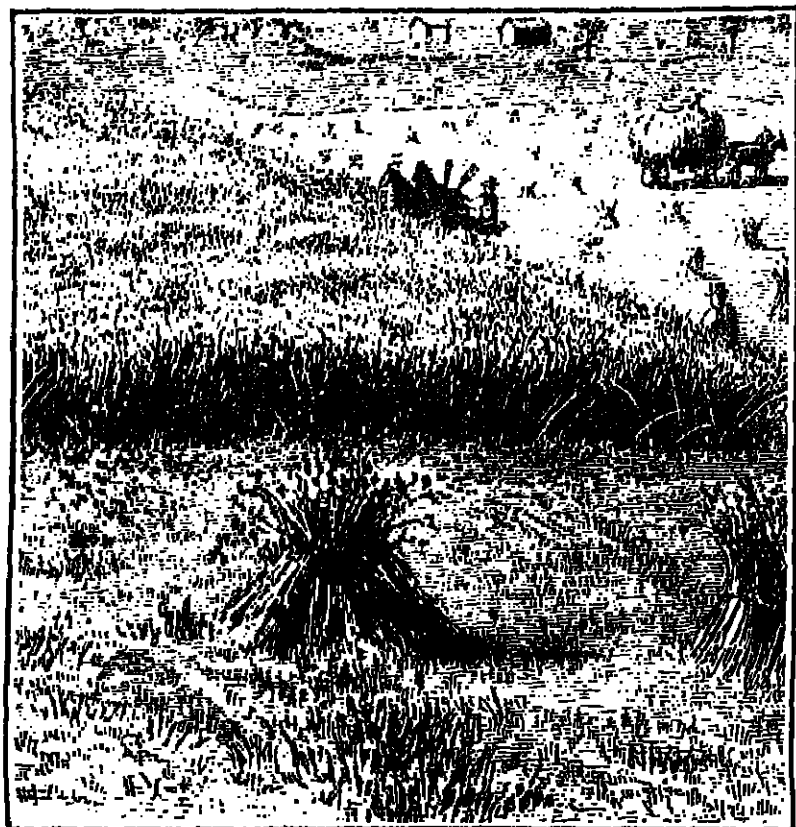
Her main argument against meat is economic. On this "small planet" of ours, it would be far more efficient to feed human beings directly with plant protein, than to grow plant protein to feed livestock to feed humans. For instance, she claims it takes 16 kilos of grain and soy livestock feed to produce a single kilo of beef. Poultry is a much more efficient converter of grain protein to meat protein, but even here the ratio is three or four to one.

Mrs. Lappé is so convinced of the correctness of her theory that she feels morally obligated to put it into practice herself — and try to convince other people in the developed world to do so. It is not likely, however, that many Americans will choose to give up their steaks (or Israelis their turkey shnitzels) so that the starving masses can eat better — nor is it clear how these global transfers of food will take place.

THE AUTHOR does suggest one health reason for preferring vegetable protein over meat protein. She claims — and I have no independent confirmation of this — that the quantity of harmful pesticides which humans ingest increases when they eat "higher up" on the food-chain: that is, when they eat from animals which have accumulated pesticide contamination from the environment. It is better, she says, to eat "low on the food chain" — directly from the plant protein itself.

In the final analysis, Mrs. Lappé doesn't really care why you switch to vegetarianism. Personal financial considerations would suffice. And it might appeal to many Israelis today — if they could be convinced that total

THE CALL OF NATURE



MARKETING WITH MARTHA

vegetarianism would be cheaper than meat eating. One of the problems is that vegetarians get "hooked" on a lot of imported foods and nutritional supplements, things like brewer's yeast and "tiger's milk" and the like. On the other hand, brown rice costs about the same as nutritionally-emasculated polished white rice, and whole-wheat flour (when you can find it) costs little or no more than ordinary less-nourishing white flour. The various nuts and seeds which abound in vegetarian cookery do tend to be expensive.

The owner of the health food shop where I shopped the other day (Reform House at Tel Aviv's Kikar Masaryk, but there are others in all the main cities) said he did not think that vegetarianism would be cheaper in Israel today. He estimated that, when the New Economic Policy's effects are fully felt, imported health food items (and the majority of grains and dry legumes are imported) will have risen an average 30 per cent, and the locally-produced items 10 to 15 per cent.

Of course, meatstuffs have also gone up in price. It is my opinion that a completely vegetarian kitchen in Israel today should cost no more than a meat-based one, and possibly less, once you get things organized and got the hang of it all.

Diet for a Small Planet and its corollary *Recipes for a...* are based on a theory of "protein complementarity." The idea is that if plant protein sources do not contain all the eight essential amino acids, you must make up dishes and meals in which different plant proteins complement one another in this respect, so that the combined protein efficiency is greater than any of its parts. This is termed "Net Protein Utilisation" (or NPU), and the model chosen as

being near-ideal is the egg. In these recipe books, the cholesterol problem with eggs is taken into consideration, and eggs are not overly relied upon — although in the complete absence of meat cholesterol, the authors feel they can be somewhat less concerned about eggs.

WHEN I AROSE from my sickbed last week, I decided to try out a *Small Planet* recipe which used up some of the stale bread in my breadbox, and did not require any exotic ingredients. Mrs. Lappé calls it "Easy and Elegant Cheese Soufflé," but I think it could be described as cheese fondue baked in a casserole dish. It is neither complicated to make nor expensive.

In an oiled baking dish, alternately layer three cups of grated yellow cheese (I used a mixture of Swiss-type and simple yellow) and four to six slices of bread. Pour over it 1½ cups of milk and half a cup of wine or vermouth (I used white wine). Mix before pouring over the bread: three beaten eggs, one-half teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, one-half teaspoon thyme, one-half teaspoon dry mustard, a bit of black pepper.

Let the dish stand for 30 minutes. Then bake uncovered in medium oven for one hour "in a pan of hot water." I used a pyrex casserole dish, set in a baking tin with water. The "complementary protein" in this dish is the milk, plus the wheat of the bread.

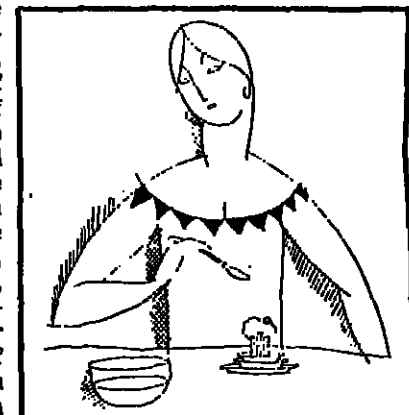
The result was well-received by the adults of the household, and by two of the three children. The next day I felt strong enough to tackle a full-scale, vegetarian main meal — actually a meal and a half, since I prepared two "main dishes." I spent about an hour, and IL75 at the health food shop for various ingredients, including unroasted

peanuts for the soybean-and-peanut burgers. I couldn't imagine cooking peanuts, but they cooked right along with the soybeans and could be mashed just as the recipe said they would.

Of course, I did not use up all the IL75 worth of health foods in one meal. On the other hand, I had some of the ingredients already at home, including brown rice and red kidney beans, and all the fresh vegetables. And I stopped off at a supermarket for the parmesan cheese and a few missing spices.

I WON'T GO into detail on making "Bean Burgers," except to note that they also contain sunflower seeds and ground sesame seeds. I assumed the children (aged four, seven and nine) would like these fried patties, but I was wrong. To the extent that they agreed to eat any of this unusual dinner, they preferred the second dish, Roman Rice and Beans, which is basically a mixture of brown rice, red kidney beans, and lots of sautéed vegetables, plus some spices and parmesan.

I spent a full four hours in the kitchen preparing these two dishes from start to finish. Of course, it would have been a lot quicker if I had been set up for this kind of cooking — for instance, I had to toast the sesame seeds and grind them into a coarse meal (in the blender). It would also have taken less time if I had a pressure cooker for the beans and grains, as the book suggests. Obviously, cooking from "natural" ingredients is going to take longer than popping things out of packages — especially if you decide to start baking your own bread, an idea which appeals to



me in theory. A lot depends on experience and organization — just as it does with baking ordinary desserts or plucking feathers from poultry.

While there is very little difference in theory or type of recipes between *Diet for a Small Planet* and *Recipes for a Small Planet* I find the latter book, by Ellen Ewald, somewhat too "preachy" in tone. She rambles on at great length about the wastefulness of over-packaging, the "plastic" nature of most supermarket foods, the joys of cooperative buying schemes for organic foods, how to grow your own organic vegetables from your own compost heaps, and how she and her husband share the delights of cooking together. Most amazing is her chapter on how to pack a backpack of 20 kilos of natural foods for two adults for ten days. (None of those nitrate-ridden frankfurters and sugar-laden marshmallows over a campfire for her.)

All this was very stimulating last week, when I was home recovering from the flu. But is it applicable for the urban working woman, who is unable or unwilling to spend long hours baking bread (however nice the smell) or tending organic gardens?

Something, I am sure, will linger from my weeklong romance with natural cookery. My household, while not willing to try an all-vegetarian regime, has agreed to an occasional experiment. I have planted a crop of bean sprouts (from mung beans, called *ma'ash* in Israel) on cotton wool under my kitchen sink. And I have dragged out my Swiss-made Bio-Snacky plastic planter (bought in the pre-NEP days) and planted it with alfalfa seeds — for salad greens.

First chance I get, I want to experiment with baking bread. Whole-wheat bread, of course. **MARTHA WEISBERG**

Just for show

CULINARY NOTES Haim Shapiro

I AM NOT a great fan of the wonders of food technology. Soya schnitzel tastes like so much fried cardboard to me; powdered coffee cream seems more like something one should put in the washing machine; and *parre* whipped cream usually strikes me as so much foamy margarine.

In particular, when it comes to desserts, I am pretty much of a rock-ribbed reactionary. What I really like is a piece of good fruit or, if one wishes variety, several types of good fruit — in season, of course.

There is nothing wrong with serving strawberries with whipped cream. If they are to be the dessert for a meat meal, however,

they are really best without any whipped topping — and just a little lemon juice and powdered sugar.

Still, there are those who feel they must have a "made" dessert, something that shows that they have gone to some trouble. I would repeat that the trouble and effort can well be used to go to the market and pick the finest fruit available, but this is just not enough for some people.

TO SATISFY this yearning, I decided to try making a very simple dish that could be served for dessert and at the same time create a bit of an impression. I finally decided on an orange soufflé, the acid of the orange offsetting the taste of the synthetic whip.

To prepare an orange soufflé, gently grate the outside of an orange, removing the coloured essence, but not the bitter fleshy peel. Then squeeze enough oranges to get two cups of orange juice.

Heat the orange juice to the boiling point and then pour it over two envelopes of unflavoured gelatin. (Those in the habit of using foreign-made gelatin will no doubt question this quantity, but the local varieties do not have much jelling power.)

Leave the juice and gelatin mixture in the refrigerator for about 20 minutes, until it just begins to jell. Meanwhile whip a jar of *parre* cream, gradually adding a quarter of a teaspoon of vanilla extract, half a cup of sugar and the grated orange peel.

Whip the cooled jelly for a few minutes with an electric mixer and then beat it into the cream mixture. Leave to cool for a few hours until it is well set. If you have a mould, the soufflé will be sufficiently decorative as it is. If you are using an ordinary bowl, decorate with a few curls of shaved chocolate. **HAIM SHAPIRO**

The Weekend Dry Bones

IF I SUPPORT HIM, THE PLO FIGHTS ME...IF I CONDEMN HIM I LOOK LIKE A WARMONGER!

THE OLD FOX HAS DONE IT!

HE JUST TOOK OVER AS THE LEADER... THE OLD FOX HAS DONE IT!

WE SPEND BILLIONS ON PUBLIC RELATIONS FIRMS AND HE BUYS WORLD PUBLIC OPINION WITH THREE WORDS:

JERUSALEM, KNESSET, PEACE...

THE OLD FOX HAS DONE IT!

HE MAKES THE BIG SYMBOLIC MOVE AND THE PRESSURE'S ON ME TO MAKE A TERRITORIAL MOVE!... THE OLD FOX HAS DONE IT!!

I'M SUPPOSED TO BE THE REASONABLE ONE!! WHAT'S LEFT FOR ME?!! HE'S DONE IT! THE OLD FOX HAS DONE IT!

FIRST ISRAEL CAPTURES U.S. PUBLIC OPINION. NOW EGYPT GRABS U.S. PUBLIC OPINION. WHEN DO I GET A CHANCE?!! THE OLD FOX HAS DONE IT!

SADAT'S GOT AS BIG A MOUTH AS BEGIN!! IF THEY SIT DOWN TO OUT-BLUFF EACH OTHER, THEY COULD BACK THEMSELVES INTO PEACE... THE OLD FOX HAS DONE IT!

THE OLD FOX HAS DONE IT!

AND YOU FEEL A LITTLE NERVOUS?

AND HE SAYS: "GO ON... JUMP ME!"

WHEN THE OTHER GUY PUNCHES A MAN?...

YOU KNOW HOW IN A GAME OF CHECKERS?



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